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DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY.

MAY-DAY.

THE evening of the last day of April, as the Bodley children went up-stairs to bed, Phippy's voice could be heard above the rest, as she sang over and over without stop, — "Wake me early early mother for I'm to be Queen of the May." Lucy threw in her piping voice to the same words, and Nathan asserted stoutly that he was to be King of the May. It was their first May-day in the country, and though they were only three miles from the city where they had lived all their short lives, and had shivered on May-day quite as much as on the last day of April, yet they were in the country, and of course May-day would be beautiful and warm, and every body would dance round May-poles just as they had read in their English story books.

Kindly enough, May-day did begin fair. It was as lovely a day as heart of child could desire. The sun rose gayly, and hurried away the light clouds, that he might dry the grass, and warm up the damp earth; and he was not a moment too early, for he had not yet taken the chill out of the air when the children came out of the shed and scampered about doing their little chores before breakfast; that they might be ready to start on their day's excursion immediately afterward. There were the hens and chickens to be fed; and Nathan with the corn measure, Phippy with a tin pan of meal, and Lucy with a watering-pot, all set out for the hen-house. They raised the wooden latch of the white-washed door, and all crowded in to the hen-

house, shutting the door after them before any of the fluttering family should fly out over their heads. There were one or two hens still setting, and they only peeked at them on tiptoe, and then went into the yard, which was surrounded by high palings. An old apple-tree stood in the middle, never known to bear more than a scanty half-dozen pinched and crabbed little apples, but it was a tree, and made the hen yard look like a good place for hens to live in. The ground was riddled with the scratches of countless hens, and one would think that not a worm would ever dare to show his head above ground. The hens and roosters fluttered about, picking up the corn that the children scattered, all of them running hastily after each handful, as if this time they were going to get something especially good, though a few prudent ones remained busily picking over the last scatter. Lucy poured some water into the little trough, and then they went out and mixed some meal and water for the chickens. It was pretty to see these. The mother anxiously clucking and moving back and forth under her coop, while the chickens, stretching out their pudgy wings, would come streaming to the coop for breakfast. One little fellow, too fat to run between the slats, was squeezed there, sticking his drumsticks vigorously into the ground behind him, and peeping piteously until Lucy poked him through, and then he wanted to come right out again, for he seemed just to have discovered that the cold hasty-pudding was outside.

"I wonder if they would n't like some syrup on their hasty-pudding," said Phippy. "I should think it would choke them. Look at that little dear! she can't get it down."

"It's the turkey chick," said Nathan. "That's the only turkey chick we've got. I don't see why the turkey eggs don't hatch better. Oh, she's dying!"

"Oh, he's dead, he's dead!" cried Lucy, as the turkey chick, from some mysterious internal disease, or more likely, because too greedy, fell over and gasped once or twice.

"We must bury him," said Phippy with great promptness. "We must bury him, and cover him with rose leaves, and have a box with a velvet lining, and a procession. I've read all about it in some story. And then we must put a chip over him. Come."

"It is n't a him," said Nathan. "It's a shim,—a she I mean. I don't see why turkey eggs won't hatch. It's real mean," and he looked rather angrily at the poor little turkey chick that Lucy had taken up and was smoothing down. "I don't want to bury her. She has n't done any thing worth being buried for. She has n't got any soul. She's a little heathen."

"O Nathan, heathens have souls," said Lucy. "You must n't say that. They have real souls."

"Yes," said Phippy, "first-rate ones, and we'll call the turkey chick a heathen, and bury her; and, oh, I tell you what—we'll throw things at her. I mean, we'll play she's in the Ganges, and her mother comes and shrieks out, and throws herself on the burning pile, this way," and Phippy threw up her arms, and uttered a very shrill shriek. But just then the breakfast-bell rang.

"I tell you what," said Phippy, who had a new plan every minute. "We'll take her out to the Grove with us, and bury her in the gorge, and we'll pretend she was an Indian warrior, and I'll say, 'Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,'" and so coming up to the house, they put the little chick away behind the trough until after breakfast.

"Well, children," said Mr. Bodley at the table, "what do you mean to do on May-day?"

"Oh, we're going to the Grove," said Phippy, "and we're going to be gone all day. May be we shall build a house, and live there, and you can come and see us, and bring mother if you want to, and we're going to bury the turkey chick."

"The turkey chick?"

"Yes," said Nathan, with his mouth full. "She wempt n'bibe this morn."

"What?"

"She went and died this morning at half-past six. Father, I don't see why I can't raise turkeys. We can't have any at Thanksgiving now, and I meant to raise a roast turkey."

"Well, there's your pig," said Mr. Bodley. "That will last all winter."

"Oh, my pig!" said Nathan, starting up. "I forgot my pig. Mother, may I go out and feed my pig? I forgot all about him when that old turkey died, and then the bell rang."

"Eat your breakfast first, and then you can finish feeding all the cattle before you go to the Grove." The cattle was the name given to Nathan's pig and rabbits, and the hens and chickens. The pig belonged to him, for he had bought it with his own money, and he fed it every day, and cherished it as his special delight. Even the pair of rabbits which had been given him were not quite so dear to him as his own pig, which he had bought with his own money, and was fattening up for the winter, when his father had promised to buy him if he was fat enough. The pigsty was a neat place back of the barn. The little house was clean and tidy, and the sty between the pig-house and stable was fenced in by a tall board fence, which was painted, and covered with a pretty rose vine. When the time of roses came, the fence was covered with the bright flowers; but they had no other name with the children than pig-sty roses: they smelt just as sweet, however, with that name. Nathan could just jump up so as to catch hold of the top of this wooden wall, and then he would struggle, pulling himself up, with his toes knocking against the boards, and his knees scraping, until, with a very red face he would peer over the top; and piggy hearing the noise, would come grunting out, and stare for a moment at the little boy who thought so much of him, and who could only keep his place a moment, and then went rasping down the boards to the ground.

This morning, after the pig was fed, and the rabbits too, the children set out to spend their May-day in the Grove. Nathan carried his bow and arrows, a hatchet, and a long bean-pole which trailed behind him; Phippy had a covered basket which must have been very important, for she would let nobody look inside of it: and very heavy, too, since she changed hands every little while; Lucy had her doll Salah in her arms, and she carried also the little turkey chick, while Lucy's kitty scampered along with them.

The Grove was a little clump of walnut-trees which stood on a rocky slope at the further end

of the place where the Bodleys lived. The whole place contained about thirty acres, besides a large piece of pasture-land, but only seven acres were owned by Mr. Bodley. The rest of the land, however, was just as free for the children to play in, and indeed was not fenced off from their own lot. They had discovered this grove to their great delight, and thought it a most wonderful piece of woods. A few bushes scrambled about, and there were little ledges of rocks as much as ten feet high, where one could jump off, besides one great boulder, not at all easily to be climbed, which they called Samson's Nut-cracker. Then there was a mysterious ravine running down between some rocks, closely hedged about with barberry bushes. They had never gone far into it; I think they were just a little afraid. They called it The Gorge, which sounded very mysterious to them, "just like a great throat," said Phippy, "that could swallow us up if we went down." Beyond the Grove and the Gorge was a gentle slope, and beyond that lay a road, while on the right the rocky pasture began, and there they had not yet ventured.

It was at the Grove that they meant to spend the May-day; and they had found a sheltered cranny in the ledge, where they meant to build their house, and live the livelong day. A walnut-tree grew close by, and a big rock, not so large as Samson's Nut-cracker though, protected them on the side toward the road. The leaves from the walnut-tree had quite choked up the cranny, and Nathan announced that they must first clear away the underbrush.

"That is the way they always do in new settlements," said he. "They cut down trees and clear away the underbrush, and then they build a house. We'll let this tree stand for the present," he added kindly, and then throwing off his jacket, he took up his hatchet and fell to cutting and dashing away at the twigs and little branches that stuck out in their cave. They pulled out the leaves, but left enough to make a soft cushion on the ground, and were surprised to find that a crack in the ledge, where the leaves had gathered, reached in farther than they could see or feel.

"That will be good in case of danger," said Phippy. "It is an underground passage, and comes out on the other side of the ledge. No, it is n't; it's a place to store provisions in. No it is n't either; it's our children's bedroom," and she proceeded to stow the dolls in it upon a temporary bed of leaves. "They must endure privations," she said. "We are in a new country, and cannot expect the luxuries of home."

"Nathan, Phippy," said Lucy, seriously, "we have n't buried the turkey chick yet."

"Oh, bother the turkey chick," said Nathan. "We ought to build a fort to keep out the Indians."

"No, Nathan, it is n't right. We must bury the turkey chick first."

"I tell you what," said Phippy, who was never at a loss for taking advantage of each turn. "We'll bury the turkey chick, and Nathan will protect us with his bow and arrows. He will give the alarm if the Indians are coming, and then we'll hurry back to the house, and bar the door, and shoot out of the window, and you and I, Lucy, will bring cartridges in our aprons. I've seen a picture just like it."

So it was decided, and they looked about for a good place to bury the turkey chick in.

"This is the first one of the family," said Phippy, "and he can't expect much of a funeral, or much of a seminary either. Oh, here's a beautiful place!"

It was a shady copse into which the children peeped. A few bushes straggled around it as if they had been set there to keep off intruders, but were getting rather negligent. A low brick wall about six feet long, and a foot and a half above ground, stood there; some of the bricks had fallen out, and it was moss-covered and stained. The children looked on in wonder. Then light broke on them, and they all exclaimed, —

"Why, it's a tomb!"

Yes, an old tomb, or at least a grave of some sort, with the little old brick wall that looked like a head board to the old bed in which some sleeper had been lying, evidently for many years. They drew nearer, and discovered a gray tablet, with the letters and date, P. B. 1675.

"Here is the place to bury him in," said Nathan.

"Yes, and P. B. 1675; that will do for Poor Biddy, 1675 seconds old," said Phippy, promptly.

"I don't know," said Lucy, a little awe-struck. "I don't think I would bury him here."

"Yes, I would," said Phippy. "We'll put him under one of the bushes. It's a weeping willow."

So they buried the little chick under a weeping willow barberry bush, and Nathan was so interested that he forgot their danger from Indians, until suddenly the sound of voices made them start up and leave the little chick only half covered.

"Indians!" whispered Nathan. "Run! quick!"

The little girls gave a scared look through the

bushes, and saw, coming across the grass, a company that they could not make out exactly, but there was a flag, and something red; they did not look twice, but ran as fast as they could to the cave, which they could reach indeed without being seen. Nathan, too, came scrambling after, trying to fix an arrow into his bow-string, and stumbling over sticks and stones as he went.

"Keep still, keep perfectly still," said he, when they were all safely in the cave. "I am going out to reconnoitre."

"I'm glad we've got provisions enough to last," chattered Phippy, who was half frightened at what might be coming, and half believed her own fancy that they were Indians. Nathan cautiously peeped round the rock, but could see nothing. Then he lay down, and dragged himself over the ground with his bow and arrow, till he was very red in the face, and very dirty. At last he got where he could see the company. It was a party of large boys, all dressed in red flannel shirts, and carrying a banner which bore the motto, "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." They had a drum and a fife, and were marching along, directly toward the grove. Nathan scrambled back to the cave and whispered to Phippy and Lucy. Lucy covered the dolls up with leaves, and made kitty keep perfectly still in her lap, while she sat, her little heart beating as the dreadful boys came nearer and nearer. Phippy was too excited to sit still. She whispered first to Nathan and then to Lucy, looked to see if the baskets were well hidden, proposed first that they should climb the tree, then that Nathan should hold a parley.

"Hold a parley, Nathan; they always do," she shouted in a whisper; "go out with a white flag. Here, here's my pocket-handkerchief. No, I tell you"—

At this moment an unearthly whoop from one of the boys made their hearts stop. Then there was a shout and a rush, and when Nathan peeped out again, the Jacks and their banner were streaming down the road at a great pace, following their leader, a youngster with a prodigious power of lungs, who was whooping them on, no one knew whither.

"Oh, what a narrow escape!" said Phippy. "My husband! my children! let us look after our cattle, to see if they are safe;" and the little girl ran out in great excitement, followed by the others, who capered about in great glee, while kitty scampered back and forth amongst them. Then they set up their May-pole, but they could find few flowers, save a few Columbine that

grew by the ledge, and these they tied round the pole, not knowing exactly how a May-pole was crowned. They took turns in being Queen, except Nathan, who was King. They could not well join hands in dancing round each other, but they danced just as hard; and when they made kitty Queen, and tried to dance round her, they got into a great frolic, and scampered laughing all over the field, for their Queen was very capricious, and led her subjects a fine life of it.

When noon came they had their dinner. They spread the table on a flat rock near the mouth of the cave, and imagined all sorts of wonderful things while they were eating. Then they found some dead boughs and sticks, and finished their house by making a sort of roof for it, which they covered with a loose thatch of leaves.

"Now our house is built," said Nathan; "we are in a settled country, and there are no more dangers."

"Oh yes, there are," said Phippy. "We are in danger from the British. They may come at any time and burn our house down."

"And the Mexicans, too," said Lucy; for it was just at the time of the war with Mexico, and the children heard enough of the newspapers to have their heads filled with fighting.

"Then we'll fight for our liberty," said Nathan.

"Strike—for your altars and your fires."

How does the next line go, Phip?

"Strike—for the green graves of your sires!"

O Nathan, I tell you, we must defend the tomb. The British are coming, and we must take up our last stand there. Come, quick!" and away rushed the children to the little copse where poor Biddy lay half buried, and wholly forgotten, while they got down behind the old brick wall and fired at imaginary British coming up.

"I'll be the British army," said Phippy. "You must n't fire till you see the whites of my eyes," and she darted out of the copse, and presently came prancing up to the tomb, like a whole British army on horseback.

"Fire!" shouted Nathan, and carried away by his excitement, he really shot off his arrow, which whizzed dangerously near Phippy.

"Here, here!" said Mr. Bodley, who had come up, unseen by the children, while Mrs. Bodley was following across the grass. "This is rather dangerous sport, Nathan."

"O father, I did n't mean to fire, but the arrow went right off. It's a gun, and Phippy is the British, and Lucy and I are defending the

grave of our sires. We've made our last stand here, sir."

"Well, well, we've done quarreling with the British now. Just see here, Sarah," to Mrs. Bodley, who was now looking in upon the group; "the children have been playing at fighting the British over old Paul Bodley's grave."

"Paul Bodley!" exclaimed Phippy. "Is P. B. Paul Bodley, and was he?"

"To be sure he was. He was your great, great, great-grandfather."

"Why, papa, did he use to live here where we live?"

"Yes, he lived by the ledge back there, but there is no trace of his house there now. Here

he lived, and here he died and was buried, and his sons lived here afterward, until the Revolution. Do you want to hear about the old gentleman?"

"Oh, do tell us right here."

"Not now," said Mrs. Bodley. "It's growing late. But after tea I rather think papa will tell you a little, if you are not too sleepy."

Then Mr. Bodley took Lucy up on to his shoulder, and they set out for the house, a merry procession. The sun went down on three tired little children, and the story about Paul Bodley and his grandchildren was not told them that night, but they did not fail to ask for it until they got it.

THE COLUMBINES.

BY E. G. CARTER

We were the fairies' lanterns,
And we hung in the dark, green wood,
To light in the moonless midnight
The spot where their palace stood.

Some of us swung o'er the portal,
Hid in the rock so gray;
And some of us glanced where the little elves
danced,
And frolicked the night away.

A red cap wore the cockerel,
Their sentinel brave and true;
And he sounded his horn for the morning dawn
Till it rang the greenwood through.

The door on its emerald hinges
Then oped in the rock so gray;
And in troops they glide from the sun to hide,
Ere his beams through the woodland stray.

There they rest from their night-long revel,
On the silver thistle-down;
And a pearly light from lilies white
O'er their dreamy beds is thrown.

They sleep through the dewy morning,
And the noontide's golden haze,

Till the trumpets sound, by the night winds wound,
And call for the dreaming fays.

Then come with us, little Henry,
Ere the sun from the west is gone;
And you shall pick up more than one golden cup,
Which the elves in the grass have thrown.

Cups whence they drank the night dew,
And glasses hid in the moss,
Stained ruby red by the bright wine shed,
When the elves their beakers toss.

For a week and a day we shall watch you,
In the bath, and on going to bed;
And never a word from your lips must be heard,
Which may not to the elves be said.

And then you shall see the regatta
On the lily pond by the mill;
Six wee pearly boats, with golden oars,
Which the little folks "row with a will."

Was it really the elfin roundelay
Of the Columbines plucked on the hill;
Or had Henry dreamed while the moonbeams
streamed
On the vase by the window sill?

A SOUTH AMERICAN CITY.—LIMA.

AFTER crossing the Equator, on the west coast of South America, and coming in sight of Cape Blanco, the wind blew upon us, damp and cold, as little like the weather we expected to find on the Equator as can be imagined. Instead of oppressive heat, overcoats were brought out and put on, and nearly every one on board the steamer was well wrapped up, and longing for a fire! It seemed very singular, but we were told that the wind blew over the snows of the Andes, and came to us with the chill still upon it.

There, close to us, was the shore of Peru, with the unbroken, majestic background of the Andes. We could imagine Pizarro, with his handful of followers, pushing his way down this rugged coast. Here, too, was the port of Tumbez, the first town that Pizarro entered. All of us, on the steamer, as soon as we came in sight of Peruvian soil, began to talk of the wonderful Incas and their conquerors. "Old Pizarro" was in every body's mouth. For two days the steamer ran close to the shore, until one morning, awakened early, I arose, and found that she was at anchor in the harbor of Callao. Hastening on deck for a clear view of the harbor and city, my gaze met on all sides — fog. Certainly the wettest fog that ever intercepted any one's view, was this Peruvian fog. The deck, the ropes, all things, were sloppy. I looked out, and could see indistinctly the forms of two vessels lying quite near us. Beyond that, all was impenetrable fog. The first fellow-countryman who came off to greet us, looking like a bird whose feathers were wet, told us that at that season of the year (the first of August), the same fog was to be expected every day, from six in the evening to ten the next morning. I will say here that we found his words literally true, — not an evening for three months but the fog appeared regularly. That is, it was the winter season, when with us it is hot summer. As in all tropical countries, there are but two seasons, the wet and the dry, or winter and summer. But unlike most tropical countries, where the wet season brings daily rains, and the water pours from the skies almost in solid sheets, the region of Lima is absolutely without rain. Rain is never known there. Nature, however, provides, by these fogs, for the parched earth, which drinks in their moisture every night. The fog condenses rapidly, and water collects on the house-tops and awnings, and rolls off in such great drops, that many a person carries an um-

brella. The air is raw, chilling one through and through, so that an overcoat on a winter night in Lima, is as much needed as it is in New York.

On this first morning, the fog rolled away about ten, and gave us a view of our situation. On our right, and curving round ahead of us, lay the island of San Lorenzo, bearing on its ridge the only light-house on the coast of Peru, and the only light, and that a feeble one, to guide the mariner into the harbor of Callao. Within the space between the main-land and this island, the only protection from the broad Pacific, lay vessels of all sizes and kinds, from an immense English frigate to a little fishing-smack, and of all nationalities. American vessels were the most numerous, however. They came to take in cargoes of *guano*, very useful to farmers as a fertilizer, but I should think a very unpleasant *compagnon de voyage*, which they obtain at the Chincha Islands, about a hundred miles from Callao.

On our left lay the city of Callao, the chief feature of which, at this distance, is the old, round tower, called the castle. It is more a reminder of defense than really one, being used now chiefly for barracks. More dependence is placed upon the earthworks around it. The town looks low and unimposing; but we must remember that this is a country of frequent earthquakes, and that buildings are low, to guard against them. Three times, at least, has Lima been nearly all leveled to the ground.

One fine vessel-of-war displayed the American colors, and a little blue flag at the mizzenmast-head showed that it was the Admiral's ship. On our way to the shore we passed English, French, and Peruvian men-of-war. Near the shore was a monitor, under the Peruvian flag. But the *Loa*, as she was called, was a very bad imitation of our good models. She moved over the waters like a snail, creeping about the harbor at the rate of two miles an hour! The hull of a frigate was there, too, just raised from a watery grave, and being converted into a vessel-of-war. At the works, on the bank, was still another formidable looking object, resembling those rams, that always threatened so much trouble in our late war, but whose career was so short and inglorious. Thus, in the midst of many other boats, and the confused intermingling of many tongues, we ran up the steps and put foot on Peruvian soil. This was the commercial city of Callao, the sea-port of Lima, the port of entry and clearance, and the

gathering of the commerce for almost the whole republic. The first aspect of the city is, however, a forlorn one. Lounging about the mole (for there are no wharves, and all boats are required to land at the same steps), were soldiers, whose swarthy countenances and Indian features showed them to be, at least in part, descendants of the aboriginal people. Perhaps some of the warlike Inca blood flows through their veins. There, too, were the Indian women (*Cholas* they are called), squatting on the ground, large straw hats on their heads, their hair hanging in two braids down their backs, selling fruits or candies. Here is one of many, with her child slung in a sort of sack behind her. The streets are unevenly paved, with uncomfortably small cobblestones. So we were not tempted to remain in Callao, while Lima was to be seen in the distance, the towers and spires shining in the sunlight,—the “fairest gem on the shores of the Pacific,” as Prescott calls it.

A few years ago the traveller rode to Lima on horseback, over a dusty road, through an unattractive country. It was, besides, a very nest of highwaymen. Many a foreigner has been compelled to “stand and deliver,” and arrive in Lima without purse or watch, perhaps even without clothes. Now, he can get into an English or American car, at the Long Station in Callao, and in twenty minutes after find himself in Lima, safe and sound. We were just in time to take the eleven o'clock train, and with barely time to find a seat, were on our way. In the hurry I found myself separated from my friends, in one of the compartments of an English car, and squeezed in between a fat priest and a lady. It might have been worse, however. Opposite me was an officer of the Peruvian army. Slight, delicate looking, he was elaborately dressed. A brilliant sword hung by his side, and his uniform was astonishingly new and bright. His small waist, fitted to a nicety that would establish the reputation of any tailor, showed that he wore corsets,—what, I afterwards learned, was very generally the case. The gold lace that he wore in such profusion was evidently untarnished by the unpleasant fumes of gunpowder. I could not avoid a momentary mental comparison with some of the enduring officers that I had seen in our own camps, with their plain dress and soiled uniforms. I can assure you my national vanity was satisfied.

The train passed through the outskirts of the city, which looked but a little dirtier than the outskirts of any city, as you enter it, for the

first time, by rail. It stopped finally at the station, and hastening out, I joined my friends. Disdaining the proffered hacks, it was unanimously agreed to walk to the hotel, and gather first impressions by the way. We turned into the *Calle de Plateros* (Silversmiths' Street), one of many streets not differing very much from each other, but our first street in Lima. We passed grated windows on the lower storeys. Many houses do not use the lower storeys at all, or only for store-rooms, and the drawing-rooms are on the floor above. In the centre of the house is a covered entrance as high as the first storey, and leading into a *patio*, or court-yard.



Some of these *patios* looked very pretty; fountains were in bloom, and fountains playing there. Within, we had occasional glimpses of bright curtains and nice furniture. Overhead, projecting out above the sidewalk, are balconies,—some with swinging shutters, some with windows, some with only gratings, and some with old-fashioned Moorish jalousies.

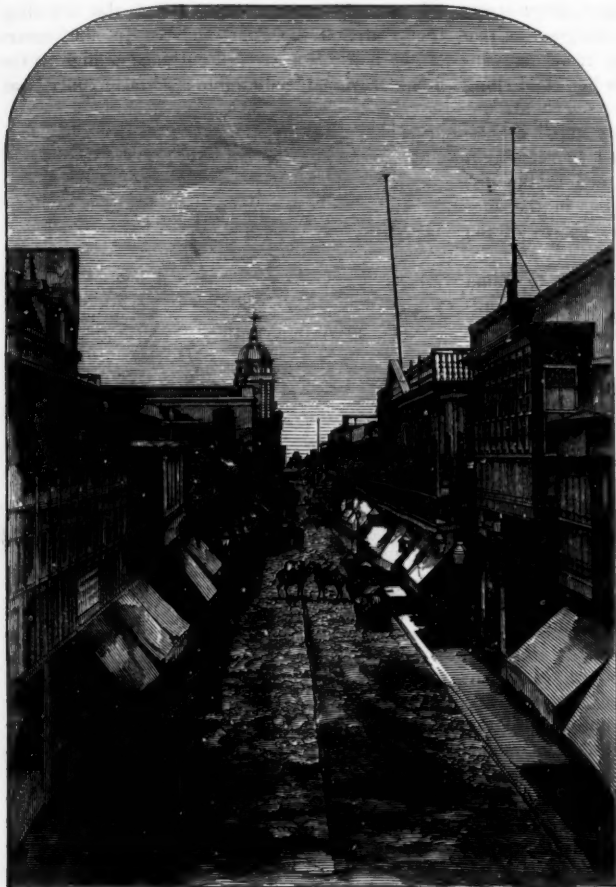
Much had been said of the churches of Lima, and very soon our walk brought us in front of one. It was the Church of Mercy (*la iglesia de la Merced*). The *fachada* (*façade* it would be called in French, or even in English) was striking enough to make us stop to admire it. To do justice to the carvings, the garlanded pillars, the picturesque saints in their niches, the heavily

wrought doors, the elaborately designed posts and projections, would only be possible with a pencil; and during my stay in Lima, I did not see another so elaborate in workmanship, and so imposing in appearance. Over all, however, hangs a lamentable aspect of decay, that is very common in this "City of the Kings." The lantern over the door leans listlessly, overturned; the saints have suffered from contusions; the orna-

ments are partly gone; the paint worn off or changed in hue; but through all this, in spite of it all, is seen the grandeur of the old design, and the skillful workmanship of the Spanish artificers. Time has laid his hand on all these works of ancient art, and no shielding arm has been stretched forth to protect them. Churches, convents, fine buildings, decorations, paintings, statues, are all yielding to decay.

From the *Calle de Plateros* we turn into the *Calle de Mercaderes* (Shopkeepers' Street), and walk straight up this fine street, passing handsome displays of jewelry, dry goods, and all sorts of articles. This is the Broadway, evidently, from the style of the stores, and the people we pass. A few minutes brings us out upon the *Plaza Mayor*, or Grand Square, and passing under what is called the *Portal*, we ascend some steps, and domesticate ourselves, for a time at least, at Morin's Hotel. A few days and we feel at home in Lima.

Morin's Hotel, one of the principal hotels of Lima, is on the western side of the Plaza Mayor,—that square about which cluster so many old associations of Peruvian history. It was here, in that very palace that we see on the northern side of the square, that Pizarro first rested from his weary work of battle, and devoted himself to the welcome task of building up his new colony. He was its Governor, and he entered with zest into the pleasing work of founding a capital worthy the greatness of his nation. That building is still called "*el palacio*," though



palace no longer. It is certainly an unimposing looking building. The whole front is lined by low shops and booths, shaded from the sun by heavy, coarse awnings. Passing this row of shops, hangers-on of the outer wall of the palace, I found the entrance, which leads into a large court-yard. Let me first state that I had received from a friend a letter of introduction to a gentle-

man employed within, and in order to facilitate my entrance to the palace, he had also given me an official despatch to be delivered to the Minister of the Interior. With this passport I inquired my way of the sentry at the gate, and directed by him, I came into another inner court. Fronting on this smaller *patio* were the corridors of the palace. Overhead was the dome, which, from

without, is seen rising above the walls. Meeting another guide, I was conducted into a large plain room, with rather a faded carpet upon the floor, and presented the despatch to the Minister. My letter of introduction was next presented, and to that I owed much attention and much pleasure in Lima. Through these two court-yards rushed the murderers of Pizarro, and the room where he was slain is still pointed out; and even, I believe, there is some pretense of the spots made by his blood being still visible, as the bloody stains refused to be washed out at Holyrood.

On the eastern side of the Plaza stands the Cathedral. It is a handsome stone building, built in that style of architecture so common to Spanish churches, the broad *fachada* being supported by a tower on each side. This Cathedral was founded in the old historical times, and it was here that Pizarro attended mass. Even in those early days, he must have looked forward to a time when Christianity should prevail over all the land, for it is very large. It measures three hundred and twenty feet long, by one hundred and eighty broad! Pizarro's remains are still here, and were shown to us. In the vault beneath the church, reposing upon a shelf, lies the mummy of Pizarro.

On the same side of the square, is a two storey plain building, which contains the Courts of Justice. The Plaza, you must know, is something larger than a mere open place. It is a fine large square, each side measuring five hundred and ten feet. In the centre is a handsome bronze fountain. Facing the square, on the south side, is what is called the *Portal* (which means merely, in this case, a covered sidewalk), where are the most brilliant shops of Lima. Another *portal* is also on the western side. Not even in New York have I seen such gorgeous displays of costly silks, fine laces, and exquisite materials, as are in the windows of the stores on these two *portales*. They are fresh from Paris.

Leading southerly is the *Calle de Mercaderes*, and northerly, the *Calle de Palacio* (or Palace Street). Following the latter, past many fine stores and handsome private residences, you come to a stone bridge over five hundred feet in length, far below which runs a small stream, the Rimac. This is Rolla's bridge. Who does not remember Rolla, the brave Peruvian? and Rolla's speech to his countrymen, so often declaimed at school? This bridge of six arches was built over two hundred and fifty years ago! Away down below are numbers of washerwomen, washing their clothes. The bridge connects the city with the

district across the Rimac, called San Lazaro. Close by is the famous Alameda. The Alameda is the public garden and grand promenade of the city. Imagine a long and narrow strip of land inclosed by an iron fence, with a broad path down the centre, bordered with handsome marble statues, and marble vases containing plants, a narrow plat of highly cultivated garden between the path and the railing, and you have the Alameda. To this should be added the majestic background of the Andes. As you approach, the square pavement, and the elaborate gateway, adorned with four statues on the gateposts, for pedestals, present an imposing appearance; but in spite of the statuary and the flowers, the Alameda is really far from attractive. It is something like a drawing-room, the furniture of which is too hard for comfort, and too elegant for use. The walk is short and unvarying; there are no pleasant side paths to turn down, no "Ramble" to wander about in. You must walk down one straight path, and back again. This can be repeated, but soon becomes tiresome. Not unfrequently, however, in the afternoon, the Alameda is thronged with pedestrians, of whom, generally, ladies form a fair proportion. All of them are dressed gracefully, some handsomely. Not many years ago, the dress of a Lima lady was very peculiar. They wore, universally, the "*saya y manto*." The *saya* was a tight-fitting skirt, clinging close to the person, and restricting the gait very much. At the waist was fastened a white shawl, passing round the body, and hanging down in front; and over the shoulders and head was thrown the *manto*, which is a long black scarf, about three quarters of a yard wide. It covered the head completely, and was held up with one hand, so as entirely to conceal the face, one eye only being visible. Nowadays, crinoline has usurped the place of the *saya*, but the *manto* is still indispensable. Every lady in Lima wears the *manto* instead of bonnet or hat, but it is no longer a general fashion to hide the features with it. Still, a great many ladies draw it about the face with one hand, leaving only two flashing black eyes to establish their identity by. These veiled ladies, or "*tapadas*" as they are called, are especially frequent in the Alameda. They are supposed to be young ladies, fond of amusement, and willing to enjoy for an hour all the privileges of a mask, and are always ready with a repartee for any pleasantry. They all have large, expressive black eyes. Indeed the women of Lima are celebrated for their beauty, and justly. Perhaps the privilege of the "*tapada*"

is taken advantage of sometimes by those whose eyes are their only claim to the general reputation. At the theatre all the ladies in the parquet are always closely veiled, — an eyelash being the only feature exposed. In the row of boxes above, however, is all the *élite* of Lima. The ladies there are all in full ball-room dress, in rich silks and glittering jewels, and present a line of dazzling beauty. A stranger would acknowledge that the fame of Lima's daughters was fairly won. Going to church, the fair one draws her *manto* closely over her face, and followed by her little Indian servant, with a rug, she enters the temple to kneel before the shrine of some favorite saint.

Not far from the *Alameda de los Descalzas* (Alameda of the barefooted) is the *Alameda vieja* (the old Alameda). It is now deserted, but there still stands the double row of fine old trees, where formerly was the grand promenade. At one extremity stands a statue of Columbus. I wish I had copied the inscription on this beautiful work. On a broad pedestal stands Columbus, in the "*capa y espada*" of old Spanish *hidalgos*, one arm extended over and around the kneeling form of an Indian woman, who looks up beseechingly, and, with an expression of faith, stretches forth her hands toward a cross that Columbus reaches to her with his other hand. The design is beautiful. Would that the Spanish dominion could have been extended in that spirit! The execution, too, of the design, is very fine. Another fine statue stands in what was formerly called the *Plaza de la Inquisicion* (Inquisition Square), — what a suggestive name! but is now called *Plaza de la Constitucion* (Constitution Square). The square took its name from, I regret to say, the reality. In a low, common building, the old Inquisition held their courts, and worked their infernal tortures. In the centre of the square is an inclosure, within which stands a bronze equestrian statue of Bolivar, the hero of Peruvian Independence. It was he that helped the colonies throw off the Spanish yoke.

One other statue that I saw in Lima impressed me as no other piece of sculptor's art had done before. It was in the Church of San Francisco. Connected with this magnificent church, the exterior of which is the finest in Lima, is a monastery, the oldest and largest in America. It was founded in 1536, more than three hundred and thirty years ago. It is an enormous stone edifice, covering two entire squares. Seeking admittance, myself and a companion, we were shown in, and left to wander at will through the broad

corridors, and up vast stairways, admiring as we went, the grandeur of the design, and deploring its ruinous condition. At length we were met by a venerable *padre*, to whom we explained that we, North Americans, and for the first time in Lima, were desirous of seeing the convent, and also the Church of San Francisco. Not content with sending for the keys of the church, he insisted, with great courtesy, that we should wait in his own room. On his well-filled shelves stood many a quaint old volume. He showed us over the whole monastery, the rooms, halls, studies, cloisters, and the hospital, and penance-cells, below. He pointed out the bed on which Saint Somebody (whose name I am sorry to be obliged to confess that I have forgotten) slept and died. The saint's picture, his violin, and even his skull, were shown to us. The *padre Superior*, as we afterwards found that he was, at length took us into the convent garden, and made the *hortelano* gather and arrange a bouquet for each of us. In the garden, as everywhere else, through fine halls, over tessellated pavements, under frescoed roof, beside painted panels, were the same traces of ruin. It was lamentable to see so much that was fine being spoiled by simple neglect, when a little care would save it. From the convent, the *padre* ushered us into the church. Over the main altar, and on either hand, hang magnificent paintings. The decorations on the altar are of massive silver. Some fifteen saints have especial shrines, which are beautifully decorated, and adorned with fine paintings. To the right of the main altar is an altar to the Virgin, and immediately over it is placed her image in marble. White as snow, the marble was without blemish, and the statue itself exquisitely beautiful. Very graceful, life-like, and touching it was! — such a work of art as is rarely seen. This immense church is lighted, on ordinary feast-days, by five thousand candles! and on particular festivals, by as many as *eight thousand*!

Santa Rosa is the Patron Saint of Lima. She was a native of the city, and her extraordinary works of virtue procured for her the honor of canonization. Her feast occurred in the month of August when we were on our visit. Her image was taken from its niche, placed upon a large platform, borne on the shoulders of eight suffocating negroes, and paraded through the city. The procession was headed by the fine naval band from Callao; then came the military, then priests, then acolytes, swinging censers, and then Santa Rosa herself. In the rear followed a motley multitude of priests, men, and women, many

of the latter "*tapadas*." The image of the "*patrona*," as she is called, was dressed in gorgeous robes of velvet, embroidered in gold and silver, around her neck a necklace of emeralds and pearls, and a number of precious stones upon her robe. In her lap, and upon the platform, were heaps of flowers, which were showered upon her from the balconies as she passed. Crowds of citizens greeted her progress at every corner. Flags hung from the house-tops in her honor. Religious services were held in all the churches of the city; and the Church of San Augustin, where is her shrine, was thronged with devotees. The whole day was a feast for all classes in Lima. In fact, it is the great local celebration of the year.

Feast-days and Sundays are the days, of all others, devoted to amusements. As in all Spanish countries, the favorite amusements are cock-fights and bull-fights. The former is the usual Sunday amusement throughout the year, the latter only at certain seasons. We had an opportunity to witness but one of these. In addition to the brutality of slaughtering animals for selfish gratification, the fight that we witnessed seemed a very tame affair. A poor young bull, looking very much frightened, was goaded, after much trying, into a spasmodic excitement, and then pierced to the heart by the rapier of a gayly dressed *matador*. There are, however, times when horses, and even men, as well as the bulls, are among the slain. The amphitheatre devoted to this barbarous sport is immense, and will hold over ten thousand people.

I have omitted to speak of one dreadful drawback to the pleasure of a visit to Lima. It is not a pleasant subject, especially to our Northern ears, but unfortunately the annoyance is too prominent to pass unnoticed. The flea comes to perfection, both in number and voracity, in Peru. Sleep for the first few nights is absolutely impossible. By practice alone, can one acquire the right degree of skill in undressing, and springing from chair to chair, finally reaching the bed, to make sleep at all practicable. Woe to the man

who retires to rest without all these precautions! Daylight finds him with unclosed eyes, and reveals to him a series of red welts on his body, that make him wonder that so small an animal can accomplish such results. Perhaps he may gradually become accustomed to its presence, for it is a daily and hourly companion, cleaving to him in sickness and health, and at all times.

But really, there are few cities on the American Continent so interesting to visit as Lima. We associate Peru with the Incas, as we associate Mexico with the Montezumas. Their government, their treasures, their public works, all the monuments of their semi-barbaric civilization, excite feelings of wonder and interest. We remember, too, the astounding feats of the few Spanish cavaliers, that undertook to penetrate this vast country, and despoil it of its treasure. The success that brought them triumphantly through hardship, privation, and danger, was due, in great measure, to the indomitable energy of one man. Whatever faults Pizarro may have had, he was possessed of a wonderful determination of purpose that alone carried this seemingly impracticable enterprise to its final accomplishment. To him Spain was chiefly indebted for its possessions in South America. His name has a place in history as that of a very remarkable man, if not that of a great one in the true sense of the word. Lima was built by Pizarro, about the year 1535, and from the beginning that he thus made, has grown to be a city of about a hundred thousand inhabitants! So many public works and buildings have the associations of history attached to them, that they have a special interest. It was nearly a hundred years later, or when Lima was an old and flourishing city, that another struggle with native tribes began on our own soil. They had passed into history when our infant colony was struggling into existence. But the interval has been more than gained; and now Lima is interesting rather for its associations and monuments of the past, than for any signs of progress which the city shows at present.

MY THREE GARDENS.

II. — MY WOOD-GARDEN.

I WILL tell you how I came to have a garden in the woods. My home was among the moun-

tains in Vermont, where the winters are long and cold, and I had been very ill during those weeks when the Spring seems afraid to return. My father was a physician, and I remember how grave

he looked sometimes when he heard me cough, and the pains he took to amuse me. Sometimes he would bring in a great bunch of wintergreen berries, looking so bright in their shining green leaves, and, throwing them at me, call out in a gruff voice, "Take your pills!" Again he would come with a rope of twisted pine bark, and order me to "chew it all up." One day he came to the sofa where I lay, with a long slender switch in his hand, declaring he had cut it "to whip me with, because I did not get well;" but I found a whistle on the end of it, and that birch bark tasted very sweet and good.

When I was a little better, he wrapped me in his shaggy great-coat and carried me into the garden where my "Johnny Jumpers" were peeping out from under the snow, and a line of green showed the snow-drops' and crocuses' faith, as he said.

But the day of days came almost a month later, when my father put on my warm wraps and thick shoes, and took me into the wood-lot to forage for myself. Our wood-lot was the one place in the world which could not be "improved." Its owner valued nothing which he possessed in comparison with his fifty acres of wilderness. The river cut off a strip of lowland covered with large oaks and elms; thence it stretched away up the side of the mountain, and I think almost every tree and shrub and wild flower that grows in New England could be found there.

That day we went through the bars into a road which the choppers had cut for their teams. The bars were in a thicket of pin-cherry bushes, then white as snow with their pretty flowers; the road was hedged with young hemlocks just feathering out; and the warm sun drew a spicy odor from the pines and birches which was better than medicine for me. How soft to the feet was the carpet of dry pine leaves! Once a rabbit jumped across the road, and stopped to look at us as if he was not the least afraid, and then I stumbled upon a ground-bird's nest, and admired its treasure of four speckled eggs. We turned off into a path which led to "the beech-tree hollow," and walked on; and pretty soon papa took me up in his arms and carried me along a little way through the undergrowth, into what seemed to me a sylvan paradise!

I wish I could make a picture of that place. It was a little opening only a few yards across, sheltered on the north by some high rocks, and a fringe of young pines growing sturdily where it seemed as if nothing could grow. Right oppo-

site a huge maple had been cut down, many winters ago, for the trunk was covered with moss and vines, and the branches had mostly decayed. My father carried me into the middle of the cleared space, where the sun shone warm and bright, and seated me on a carpet of flowers.

I can tell you exactly what was growing on that spot though all this happened thirty years ago. There were Wintergreen, or Squaw Berries, almost as large as cherries, and under these abundance of young Wintergreen sprouting up through the dark mould. Tufts of that rich moss which children call "Pigeon's wheat" (*Pogonatum*) were almost hid by the purple Polygala, and wherever there was shade the most spiritual of all flowers, the "Northern Star" (*Trientalis*), grew in profusion. I could see the white crosses of the "Bunch Berry," and spikes of Prince's Pine not yet open. And that was not a beginning.

My eyes could not look enough. I felt like crying. Perhaps I should have had a little cry, but just then there was a whirr-r-r, and a brown partridge flew into the thicket behind the great maple log. "Hush!" said my father; "we must be very near her nest," and he began to look carefully along the brush, and among the low huckleberry bushes. In a moment I saw him stoop and pick up something, and presently he came to me with one of the partridge chicks in his hand. When I had looked at it he put it on the ground; in an instant it had skulked away, and we saw nothing more of it.

Then he took me around on the north side of the rocks, and showed me luxuriant bushes of the Mountain-honeysuckle, and some of the "great Dogwood" trees (*Cornus Florida*), which were already beginning to bloom, but he soon brought me back into the sunshine again.

When I had rested a little, papa said, —

"This is a garden that I think beautiful."

"So do I, papa, ever so much 'prettier than a real, *made* garden. But then, nobody could make a garden like this."

"Somebody has helped it, though."

"I don't see how they could!"

"By taking away all that hindered the growth of these beautiful things; by learning all about their likes and dislikes and providing for them: mostly, I think, by loving them."

"This looks exactly as if it happened so, papa. Did you really plant any of these flowers?"

"No, my little girl, but I have been making it ready for you to plant some."

And now what do you think that blessed father of mine did? He just took me round to the

large end of that huge maple log, which was scraped as clean on the inside as the walls of a room, and there was the cunningest little play-house! It had a carpet of dry moss, and a kind of veranda, made by cutting away the lower part of the log in a sloping direction. All the edges were so overgrown with vines that you would never have noticed that it did not all "happen so," and the flowers grew up to the very door.

I could not speak a word. Papa, making a wry face, said, —

"I should think you might ask me to walk in."

"To crawl in! you mean, sir. Will you please to crawl in, sir?"

"After you, Miss," said papa, with a very low bow. So I went in, and seated myself on the moss. There was not much room for company, and my head almost touched the ceiling, but I enjoyed it greatly, and thought the view across my bit of lawn into the woods very charming. My voice sounded rather strange, though, and I suddenly remembered that my play-house was very long, and that bears had been found in such retreats as this.

"Papa," said I, "the back parlor is rather dark."

"That 's because the blinds are down," he replied, and presently there came a broad streak of golden light, through an opening a long way up the log. I ran out to see how that was managed. A large piece, from which a limb had branched, had been cut out roughly with the axe, and could be put back easily into its place, the stub of limb serving for a handle, — that was my window.

"This is a wonderful log, papa," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "there are several families living on it that I hope you will get acquainted with. Miss Liverwort here is waiting for an introduction, and here is a whole crowd of little children (the mosses are the 'little children' of the woods). Look a moment at those queer brown things which Johnny calls the 'Ears of the trees.'"

"What are they papa?"

"Fungi. That kind, from its shape, is called Hexagonia. Besides all these, the Ferns are waiting to know you. They are shaking out their curls," and he picked a cinnamon-colored *Osmunda* which was nearly unrolled.

"Papa," said I, "I mean to 'get acquainted' with all of them; I like them better than folks!"

"That," said my father gravely, "you must not do, though the plants are your relations. But I want you to spend a great part of the summer here. Ponto can come with you, and I will come myself sometimes, and show you how to stock your wild garden."

"I should think it pretty well stocked now. I don't see where another thing could grow. Besides, I have n't any wild seeds."

"All these flowers will be gone in two or three weeks. 'And what will the Robin do then, poor thing?'"

"I hope more will come in their place. O papa, I do wish there were Lady-shoes here. They always make one think of fairies. I am sure there must have been feet for such funny little moccasins."

"The prettiest of all moccasins grow in these woods. And if you take them up carefully and plant them under that pine, you will have plenty of moccasins ever after."

"Red ones, and yellow ones?"

"Purple ones too! And what is still more like fairy house-keeping, 'Indian Pipes.' Just look here!"

There was a hole in the log, where a squirrel had once had his nest. It was now full of decayed wood, very moist and fine, and in it a bunch of the pipes was growing. They were not fairly up; stem, leaves, and buds the palest pink; they looked more like colored ice than flowers.

I began to think I was in fairy land. It seemed like a beautiful dream. "Papa," I said, "it makes me think of the words 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard'" — I could get no farther.

"My darling! The best possible way to get ready for that seeing and that hearing is to love and learn of these works of His hand."

We went home by a different road. I was surprised to find this wild garden hardly a quarter of a mile from the house. I fairly lived in it all that summer. I did not leave it or forsake it until the Witch-hazel blossoms completed the circle of the floral year. And the sweetest wish I can offer the young readers of the "*Riverside*" would be a share in such June and July days as came to me up there in my *Garden under the Rocks*.

HUNTER AND TOM.

BY JACOB ABBOTT

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST DAY'S RIDE.

ELVIE was disposed to put his pony to the canter, and go on very fast. He had had a good sleep, and an excellent breakfast, and he felt in fine spirits at the idea of commencing his journey under auspices so favorable. So he was for going on at full speed. But August restrained him.

"We must go slowly at first," said he, "or there will be danger that we shall break down."

"There might be danger of that," said Elvie, "if we were in a wagon, or a carriage, but people on horseback can't break down."

"It comes to the same thing," replied August. "The ponies might tire, or their backs get galled under the saddles, or we get stiff and sore ourselves. Every thing is new in our outfit, and we must go gently at first, as a new steamboat does, till she gets every thing to working smoothly. Besides, our ponies, with valises on their backs, in addition to their riders, are like soldiers on a march, loaded down with their knapsacks, and they can't go forward very fast."

So August went slowly. Whenever the ground was in the least degree ascending, he let the ponies walk; and once, when they came to a pretty steep hill, both he and Elvie dismounted, and walked up, leading Hunter and Tom by their bridles.

"You see," said August to Elvie, as they were walking up the hill, "we must begin moderately in all great undertakings. Slow beginnings make great endings. Did you ever read the fable of the oak and the pig-weed?"

"No," said Elvie.

"This is it," said August: "Once a squirrel, who was creeping along the margin of a brook with an acorn which he was going to put into his hole, got frightened by a noise, dropped his acorn, and ran. The acorn fell into a soft place in the earth, and lay there all winter. About the same time a pig-weed seed, blown by the wind, came and lodged in the ground pretty near. When the warm weather came in the spring, the acorn and the pig-weed sprouted together, and both came up. The pig-weed began to shoot straight up into the air. The little oak, as soon as he had got two leaves out, stopped pushing upward, and spent all his strength in spreading out roots. At

the end of three days the pig-weed was two inches high, but the oak could scarcely be seen above the ground.

"Come, come! old stupid," said the pig-weed, 'what are you about? You never will get up in the world at all if you don't push on faster than this. See how fast I am growing!'

"That is all right," said the oak. 'It is very proper that you should go fast at the beginning, and that I should go slow. You must remember that you are a pig-weed, while I am an oak.'

"At the end of three weeks the pig-weed was two feet tall, while the oak was just beginning to grow.

"Good-by, old scrub," said the pig-weed. 'Stay where you are as long as you please, I am going up into the sky.'

"The pig-weed shot up during that summer three feet, and left the oak forgotten down among the grass and wild flowers. But at the end of that time its vital force was exhausted, it wilted away and died, and the next spring no trace of it was to be seen. The oak went slowly on, and in process of time rose to a vast height, and spread its branches over a great extent of ground, and continued reigning over that part of the forest in majesty and grandeur for five hundred years.

"MORAL.

"Too fast at the beginning, too soon at the end."

August related this fable to Elvie, moral and all, in a regular and somewhat declamatory manner, as if he were reading it from a book of fables, or as if he had seen it in a book of fables, and had committed it to memory. But in point of fact he invented it on the spot, to amuse Elvie, and to make him contented with going at a moderate pace at the commencement of the journey.

Talking together in this manner to beguile the way, the two boys rode slowly on, up hill and down dale, the road meandering along, sometimes among farm-houses, fields, and orchards, and sometimes through silent and solitary woods, where birds sang, and cattle browsed, and squirrels leaped from tree to tree. Whenever they observed any thing that interested them, they always stopped, for August said they had plenty of time, and the more frequently they made a halt the better it would be both for their horses and for themselves. One of these halts was upon the

brow of a high hill, which commanded a general view of the Valley of the Hudson behind them. At another time they stopped at a farm-house, where there was a cider-mill, and some men making cider. The men gave them a good drink of the sweet juice as it came running out from the press. At another time still, they drove up into a pretty yard, near a farm-house, where there was a large trough, and a stream of water running into it from an aqueduct. They stopped here to give Hunter and Tom a drink.

While they were waiting at this last-named place, a boy about ten years of age, who belonged to the farm-house, came running up, calling at the same time to his little sister, who had been gathering seeds with him in the garden, to come too and see the "pretty little horses." He admired the horses so much, that Elvie asked him if he would not like to take a ride upon one of them. He said he should like it very much, and so he mounted up upon the edge of the trough, and from there stepped over upon Tom's back,—Elvie having previously got off,—and then, Elvie having put the bridle into his hands, he began to ride about the yard. August asked the little girl if she would not like to have a ride too,—upon the other pony.

"No," said the little girl. "I should be afraid that I should fall off."

"But I will hold you on," said August, "so that you can't fall off. I'll walk round with you, and hold you on all the time."

Encouraged by this offer, and by August's kind looks, the girl concluded to venture, and August, lifting her up gently, seated her upon the saddle. Then while Elvie led the pony, August walked by his side, holding the little girl on, and in this way the children took several turns around the yard. Their mother looked out at the window to see them riding, and appeared very much pleased.

It was about ten o'clock when the boys set out upon their journey from the hotel at Troy, and with the moderate pace at which they travelled, and their frequent stops, they did not advance more than about three miles an hour, so that it took them till about half-past one to go ten miles. By this time August concluded that it was time for them to stop for dinner. So they looked out, as they rode along, for a tavern, and at length came to one at a pleasant place where four roads met. Elvie was the more disposed to stop at this place from the fact that they were building a new barn across the road from the tavern, and the workmen were in the midst of the raising when August and Elvie arrived.

So they stopped here. August and Elvie went first into the stable behind the house, and took care of their horses. They were employed nearly half an hour in this work. They took off the saddles and bridles, and curried the ponies well, first washing them with a bucket of water and a big sponge, and examining them carefully, where the saddles pressed, to see if the skin was chafed or galled in any way. Then, after giving them some drink, they led them into their stalls, and filled the racks with hay. There was a boy there, belonging to the stable, who helped them in some degree, but most of the work they did themselves.

"Shall I give them any grain?" asked the boy, when he saw that August and Elvie were going away.

"By and by they shall have some grain," said August. "We will come out in about half an hour and see to it."

The boys then went into the house. They had ordered some dinner when they first arrived, and now it was ready for them. The dinner consisted of two bowls of milk, with crackers and brown bread, and a large plate of baked apples. For dessert they were to have a mince-pie, hot from the oven, for it happened to be baking-day at the tavern. The dinner was set upon the table in the front room. The boys moved the table up before one of the windows, and sat on the side of it that was farthest from the window, so that while eating their dinners, they could look out and watch the progress of the raising.

After they had finished their dinner, they went out to give the ponies some grain, and then came and established themselves upon a settee, under the piazza in front of the house, where they could watch the raising admirably well. They remained here for about half an hour, while Hunter and Tom were eating their oats, and then they saddled and bridled them, and resumed their journey. They had a very pleasant ride that afternoon, and at length stopped for the night at a tavern near a mill.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TAVERN NEAR THE MILL.

As usual in the case of persons travelling in a strange country, the boys were obliged to decide upon the places where they should stop for the night on very vague and imperfect information, which they obtained usually by inquiries made along the road. About the middle of the afternoon, a man whom they met driving a team

told them, in answer to a question, that there was a good tavern in the village, about three miles ahead, and another at the mill, one mile and a half further.

"Let us go to the one at the mill," said Elvie.

"We shall be more likely, perhaps, to find a *good tavern* in the village," suggested August.

"But it will be better fun to stop by the mill," said Elvie, "and then after supper we can play about the mill-stream and the dam."

August acceded to this proposal, and thus it happened that they went to the tavern by the mill.

When they came to the village, they found that the tavern there was very pleasantly situated and appeared very attractive. They almost wished that they had concluded to stop there. Neither of the boys, however, proposed to change the plan, and so they rode on. At length they drew near to the mill, and they were very much disappointed indeed when they came to see it. It was situated in a lonely and desolate valley, the mill was deserted, and the dam was all in ruins. A small stream, now almost dry, was running sluggishly along between banks all entangled with weeds and sedges.

The tavern was pretty near the mill, but it looked desolate and forlorn. Of course both the boys were very sorry that they had not stopped at the village.

"It was a bad decision," said Elvie. "Whose responsibility was it — yours or mine?"

"Whose do you think?" asked August.

"I proposed it," said Elvie, "but you decided it."

"Then I think it was our joint responsibility," said August, "and at any rate we must make the best of it now."

So they rode up into the yard of the tavern, and thence passed round a corner toward the stable. A girl came out from the tavern to ask them if they could take care of their horses themselves, for the "men folks," she said, had gone away. She added that they would find plenty of hay and grain in the barn.

August said that they could do very well themselves, and so he and Elvie dismounted and put the ponies up. The evening was very cool, and the sky, which had been becoming overcast for some time, now threatened rain. Indeed, by the time the ponies were well in their stalls, some drops began to fall.

August and Elvie, taking their valises with them, went across the yard into the house, entering by a backdoor. The girl came to meet them, and conducted them into a little sitting-

room, with windows looking out upon a garden. There was a sofa in this room, and two rocking-chairs, and a bookcase full of entertaining looking books. There was a fire laid in the fireplace, all ready to be lighted.

"What a pleasant little room!" said Elvie. "I am glad we came here after all."

"I'll get a match and light the fire," said the girl.

"No," said Elvie. "I will do that. I have got some matches in my valise. I shall like to light it."

The girl then asked them what they would like for supper, and after some conversation on that subject, she went away, while Elvie brought out his matches and lighted the fire.

"You see if we were troopers on a march," said Elvie, "we should be obliged to light our own camp fires."

"That's a fact," said August.

"We are travelling as much as possible like troopers on a march," said Elvie.

"Yes, we really are," said August.

"Which of us is captain?" asked Elvie.

"I think you ought to be considered as captain," said August, "for the whole expedition is made on your account."

"But then I am under your charge all the time," said Elvie, "and so I think you are the captain."

"We can take command in turn, if you please," said August. "You shall be captain one day, and I will the next."

"And so we will see which will manage best," said Elvie.

"And we will see, too, which will be most obedient," said August, "on the other days."

To this plan they both agreed. The arrangement was to go into effect the next day, and Elvie was to take his turn as commander, first.

The boys after this had an excellent supper together in their little back parlor, and then they spent an hour in writing and reading before their fire. They both wrote letters home. Elvie's letter was very short. It was addressed to his father, and consisted of a very few sentences only. He made his letter short, because he was in haste to look over a bound volume of magazines, containing pictures, which he had found in the bookcase. August wrote a much longer letter. It was to his mother. He gave quite a full account in it of the adventures which he and Elvie had met with up to the time of his writing.

By nine o'clock both the boys began to be tired and sleepy, and so they went to bed.

CHAPTER XII.

RAINY MORNING.

WHEN Elvie woke up the next morning he found that August, who slept in an adjoining room, with the door open between, had already got up and was dressing himself. On looking at the window of his own room, he saw that it was raining.

"August," said he, "it is a rainy morning."

"I see it is," said August.

"What shall we do?" asked Elvie.

"I don't know," replied August. "I am not in command to-day."

"And I am sure I don't know either," rejoined Elvie.

So saying, he got out of his bed, and went to the window to look out.

"It is a very rainy morning," said Elvie.

"I feel very easy about it," said August, "for I have not got to decide what to do. The responsibility comes upon you."

"But you can tell me what you think, I suppose. We might *advise* each other, if we please."

"Oh yes," said August. "I can at any time tell you what I think, but the responsibility of deciding will come upon you. You can't have the pleasure of command without the responsibility."

"What do you think we had better do, then?" asked Elvie.

August went to the window to look out. He found that it was raining very fast. He finally said that perhaps it would be a good plan to postpone deciding about what they should do till after breakfast.

"We can go down and take care of the ponies," said August, "and then have our breakfast. Perhaps by that time it will clear up, and then you will be saved the trouble of deciding: the question will have decided itself. But if it goes on raining, then you can consider what to do."

Elvie thought this a very good suggestion, and he at once adopted it. They found a good fire burning in their little sitting-room when they went down-stairs, and the table set for breakfast. They, however, proceeded immediately to the stable, to attend to the ponies, and afterwards came in to breakfast. They had coffee, very nice hot rolls and butter, with apple-sauce made of fresh apples, to spread over the butter, and some excellent doughnuts, hot from the frying-pan. They enjoyed their breakfast very much,—but still it continued to rain. So El-

vie asked August again what he thought they had better do.

"It will be disagreeable riding in the rain," said August, "and it will be tedious staying here. You will have to choose between the two evils."

Elvie finally decided that he would prefer going on in the rain. It would be "good fun," he said, to try their new India-rubber cloaks. He hesitated a little at first, from fear that it might hurt Hunter and Tom to go travelling in the rain; but August told him it would not. The



skins of horses and cows, and of all such animals, were proof against rain, he said, as indeed we might know must be the case, since in a state of nature such animals have no shelter whatever, except such as they may find by standing under the trees. And even civilized horses, as August called them, were accustomed to be turned out every year into the pastures, where they had no shelter from the weather, sometimes for weeks at a time.

Elvie waited half an hour after breakfast, to allow the ponies to eat their grain, and then, although the rain continued, he decided to set out. So August paid the bill, and they both took their India-rubber cloaks out of their valises, and put

them on. They then went together into the barn, carrying their valises with them. There were some men there to help them, but they did not need any help. They saddled and bridled the ponies, strapped the valises on their backs, and then mounted them. When every thing was ready, they issued forth through the great barn door, into the midst of the pouring rain.

The girl who had waited upon them in the house, together with one or two other girls, her fellow-servants, stood at the porch, looking on. They bowed to the two boys, with pleasant smiles, as they rode through the yard. Some hens also, and a rooster, that had taken shelter under a cart in the yard, looked out upon the travellers, first from one eye and then from the other, seemingly wondering why any body should be going out in such drenching weather.

The boys rode on for about half an hour, and then, to their great joy, the rain gradually ceased. Pretty soon the clouds began to break away, and the sun came out. So they unbuttoned their cloaks in front, to let in the air, and threw the hoods back from off their caps, and as soon as they found that the cloaks were dry, they stopped by the roadside, took them off, folded them up, and packed them away safely in their valises again. Then they remounted the ponies, and went on. The road was, however, wet and muddy, and it was not very pleasant riding. Elvie accordingly concluded to make a short stage of it that morning. He told August that he believed he would stop at the very first nice look-

ing tavern he came to, and wait there till the roads dried up.

"Very well," said August: "you are commander, you can do as you please."

"I'll look out for the first man I see along the roadside," said Elvie, "and ask him how far it is to the next tavern."

It was not long before the boys came to a place where there was a man with a cart, going through a pair of bars by the side of the road. The man, who was just then taking down the bars, in order to go through with his cart, stopped to look at the two ponies.

"Please sir," said Elvie, "how far is it to the next tavern?"

"Right down under the hill," said the man, "and a nice little tavern it is for such a pair of travellers as you."

The boys rode on down a turn in the road, which conducted them to the margin of a pond at a point where a stream, that came tumbling down over the rocks in a narrow glen, entered it. There was a bridge across the stream, near its entrance into the pond, and a blacksmith's shop, and also the tavern, were just across the bridge. Some boys were sitting upon the bridge fishing in the water which formed the mouth of the stream.

"Ah!" said Elvie, "this will be just the place for us to stop, and I don't care how long the roads are in drying up. It will be no matter if we stay in this place all day. Now we can use our fishing-lines."

WHITSUNTIDE IN POMERANIA.

BY EDWARD J. KUNTZE.

"KIKIRIKI-I-I!" shouted the cock upon his dunghill, talking to his friend in the neighboring farm-yard; "Bow-wow-wow!" said Pink, running towards the doorsteps; and four children, who played in the yard, cried with one voice, "Grandpa, grandpa, come down and play with us."

At the head of the stairs appeared an old man, supported by his faithful companion, a knotty walking-stick. He was almost an octogenarian, with hair as white as snow, which the evening wind seemed to delight in tossing in graceful waves around his head. He was looked upon in the village with great veneration, and listened to by old and young with equal delight, whenever he

chose to open his great store of knowledge and spend some of his wealth of experience, accumulated during his long life among various people in all quarters of the globe. In the company of children, however, he appeared to be most happy, and then there was no end to the instructive and amusing tales he told them. He loved to talk to them, he said, because they were always ready listeners. His particular pets were his grandchildren, of whom he had four; they looked like spring flowers, growing up at the foot of an old moss-covered tree-trunk. His cherubs, as he used to call them, were: Reliance, the oldest, aged fourteen; Zebediah was the second; then came

Patience; and Seth, the baby, was six years old. They were all out playing in the yard, and there was no doubt the old man had spied them through his window, or heard their merry shouts, and hastened out as fast as his old limbs and walking-stick would allow him.

"There comes grandpa. Hurrah for grandpa! now we will have a nice time!" was the greeting they gave their silver-haired playfellow.

Zebediah rushed up the stoop, to help his grandfather down, and then said, "Now, my dear grandpa, you must fulfill your promise to us."

"Oh yes, grandpa, do tell us all about it to-day," cried the rest, dancing around him and clapping their hands.

"Tell you about what? Jack the Giant-killer?"

"Oh no, that we know by heart; we mean about Whitsuntide in Pomerania, — your dear old home, as you call it," — said Reliance.

"Well, if I gave the promise, I must keep it, for I shall have no rest hereafter till it is done, knowing you as I do, my cherubs; but does any one of you know where my dear Pomerania is situated on the face of the globe?"

"It were a shame if we did not know that it is a province of Prussia, situated in the north of Germany, on the Baltic: I will point it out to you on the map to-night," was Zebediah's reply.

"Come along then, cherubs; I see you know all about it: come, and we will sit down under my favorite linden-tree. It is older even than I am, and decaying like myself, but has yet green leaves enough on its dry branches to shelter us from the May sun; in June I prefer the younger one. But before I commence you must each grant me a favor."

"Granted, granted; and now for the linden-tree!"

"Hush, hush, cherubs! one thing first and then the other; first the favors, then the story. Reliance, my dear, you go and ask your mama to send me my cup of coffee to the linden-tree, and tell her to take a few extra beans to-day, because grandfather wants to freshen up his memory for your benefit."

"Shall I run for your pipe?" cried Zebediah, ready to start off.

"Stop — stop — my greyhound; I have got that here in my pocket; but you seem to know me well enough to suppose that the enjoyment of my afternoon cup would be only half complete without the pipe; to a man who had the luck to be born in Pomerania, coffee without the pipe would be like buckwheat cakes without molasses to a boy born in the Mohawk Valley. No, go

and fetch a whetstone to sharpen my dull knife. And my blue-eyed Patience will get her work-box and stitch the old weather-scratched buttons to my coat. Ah, stitch them on tight that they may last my time out. They are dear relics. These same buttons, my darling, witnessed my wedding with your dear old grandma; sew them on well, dear. And my baby-cherub, Seth, will come and sit by my side and make a heap of fidibuses. Whoever assents to this bargain lift up two hands." At this forty fingers were seen sprawling high in the air.

"Settled," said father Schultze, "and sister Reliance will ring the bell, the moment my beverage arrives at the linden-tree. Now, off with ye!"

"Tingel-lingel-ling," said the little brass bell; "tingel-lingel-ling — the coffee has come, hurry up to the linden-tree."

They quickly came, and then settled down each to his appointed work. Seth cut the paper, Zebediah sharpened the knife, Patience sewed the buttons, and Reliance took up some worsted work.

"Cherubs," said Mr. Schultze, "have you ever seen the sun dance on Easter morning?"

"What, grandpa! seen the sun dance?" exclaimed the girls; "no indeed, we have not."

"But I have, sister," said Seth: "yes, I have. Stable Fritz woke me up last Easter morning before sunrise, and then we walked to the cross-road, where, as he said, we would see the sun dance. And I tell you, dance he did, up and down, up and down, as he came up. Stable Fritz said that the moon and all the stars danced also, but that we only could not see them, because the sun took all the shine out of them."

"Stable Fritz is a wise man, and I like him for showing you how the sun can dance; and if I were you, I would wake him to-morrow morning before sunrise to make him hear how the sun does jubilate; for he that sees the sun dance on Easter morning, will hear him jubilate on Whitsunday morning, say those that are wise."

"But, grandpa, are you not carrying your joke too far?" said the grave Reliance.

"Perhaps I am, perhaps I'm not; but I will tell you what I did hear, and then you may judge for yourselves whether I played upon your credulity or not." So saying, he sipped his coffee, and blew clouds of smoke among the children that set them all coughing.

"Sixty-five years ago, my children, — sixty-five years to a date, — my mother called her children and said: 'To-morrow, as you know, is Pentecost, and we need birch-branches to adorn the house; it is a custom of times immemorial to welcome

the sunny spring. The heathens did it on mid-summer day, and our Christian forefathers combined it with the commemoration of the descent of the Holy Ghost. The Scandinavians never changed it, and they do yet to this date celebrate the 24th of June, by raising a flower-decked May-pole, around which they dance all night. Your father,' said my mother, 'will let you have the horse before sunrise to-morrow, for you know ere the first bells ring every thing must be finished. I and the girls will take care of the flowers.' At three o'clock the next morning the horse was before the wagon, and off we drove towards the woods. While we passed through the meadow, the sun arose above the edge of the wood and the jubilee commenced, and as we only heard the performance and did not see the performers, we might easily imagine that the sun did it all. The nightingale's notes sounded to the right of us, those of the 'granmücke' * to the left, the skylark chanted above, the frogs blew their pipes in front of us, storks upon the village barn roofs were playing the castanets behind us, and bees were humming and drumming below; and yet the sun did it all: without him, nothing but the hooting of owls would have been heard. We did not long remain quiet listeners to the jubilee, but soon joined the chorus in its praise of the benevolent Creator, to whom alone thanks were due. I hear it now just as plainly as sixty-five years ago, and no doubt it will be the same over again to-morrow morning, although my ears will not be there to hear it and my lips to join with them. The flowers and trees that could not sing blew perfume into the air, and sent back to the sun its glorious image, brilliantly set in sparkling diamonds. Don't you think that I then really heard the jubilee of the sun?

"Listening to this glorious concert, we had forgotten to urge the horse to a quicker step. The consequence was, that when we at last did arrive in the woods, we had to make quick work, and soon had our wagon full of green trees or branches, of which we made a complete bower, in the shadow of which we drove home. On the road we met numbers of men and children, who either had been or were going to the wood for the same purpose as we, and the road assumed a very lively appearance, the merry songs of men outshining the song of the birds, so that now little more of the sun's jubilee could be heard.

"Breakfast over, we all joined hands in finishing

our work, which had to be done before the ringing of the first bells. Of the largest trees a bower was made outside and in front of the hall-doors. Inside the house, every corner and place that would hold a branch or a twig, received its share. Each green birch-branch was richly decked with flowers, so that the house got somewhat the appearance of a fairy palace. The floor along the paneling was lined with garlands, or merely leaves, interspersed with flowers. When that was done came the sanding of the floor.† When, at nine o'clock, the bells rang, the house stood in holiday dress. We sat down for a moment upon the doorsteps, and listened to the music of the bells as they shouted, 'To church! to church! come one, come all!' At ten they shouted, 'The pastor calls, good people come; come quick, come all!' And on they came, long strings of country people winding their way along the road, dressed in their best. They came in families and single, with sober mien, each individual his psalm-book in hand, and a bouquet of flowers fastened somewhere or held together with the hymn-book. One service a day is deemed enough to keep the simple Pomeranian country people upon the path of virtue, hence each family passed the afternoon quietly at home. In the natural course of time Sunday slipped noiselessly into Monday — Pentecost Monday: that is the day for merry-making and amusement; and although the bells call the people to church, and the minister preaches his Pentecost sermon, perhaps for the twenty-fifth time, few else but old men and women gather together in the church-yard, and there they stand in clusters before the beginning of the service, gossiping. The country church-yard is a sort of news exchange, where the inhabitants of the different villages of the parish exchange the news of the week. It is fair exchange, and, unlike on city exchanges, each party keeps what he gives and receives all his neighbor has to offer, hence no party is dissatisfied with unequal bargaining."

"Grandpa, all the buttons are sewed on; have I not now fulfilled my part of our bargain?"

"That you have, my cherub, and now you may go and play; I cannot work as fast as you. I have only finished two days, and there is the third yet to account for, — the third day of Pentecost! the day of all days the merriest; but, darling, you shall not suffer by my slowness, therefore I release you."

"No, grandpa; that would not be fair. I want

* "Granmücke," a species of flycatchers.

† In Pomerania carpets are very rarely used, but the floors of the rooms are, after careful sweeping, strewn with white sand.

It requires some skill to do this well, so that the floor is evenly decked with light clouds of sand. And not a little pride is felt by the maid who can perform this part of housecleaning well.

all you owe me; I will sit by your side, and I promise to be very good and listen."

So saying little Patience crept up close to her grandfather, and began quietly drumming upon the table with her little hands, as she was wont to do, when very much delighted.

"That's right, my cherub; go on beating time to the dull chant of my childhood."

Patience felt the rebuke, left off drumming instantly, and Mr. Schultze continued:—

"Out of Monday grew Tuesday, the third day. In the cities the Schützengilde* march out to their ancient Schützenplatz. First the band of music, then the heralds, after them the old Schützen König, with his badge and star,—he who had hit the bull's-eye first the previous year; then the whole company of shooters, and last a man who carried the prizes upon velvet cushions. The grounds round about the Schützenplatz are covered with all sorts of booths for refreshments, games, and shows; raffle-booths abound, where people take their chance from a penny to a shilling. Every child receives on that day a few dimes to try his luck, and many an urchin comes home in the evening laden with penny-whistles, crockery, gingerbread dolls, etc, and dreams in the night of winning fairy castles, horses and carriages, cakes, etc. When the bull's-eye is hit, the lucky shooter is proclaimed King, and greeted with music and hurrahs, and decorated with badge and star. Then shooting for the prizes begins, and when they all have been shot for, the Schützengilde marches back to town in grand style. In the Town Hall, a banquet is spread at the expense of the new King, of which the respectable part of the place partake; the whole then concludes with a ball."

Here the old man paused, took a long draught from his cup, a longer from his pipe, blew the smoke in curls into the air, and followed with his wistful eyes the rolling, visible nothing, till it vanished altogether, drew a deep sigh, and then resumed:—

"In the country we have no Schützengilde, unless it be a boys' Schützengilde; although far from being general, it is kept here and there. And so we did, my cherubs, where I was a boy sixty-five years ago, and well I remember it, as if it had been yesterday. And my old heart remembers it too; how it throbs at the thought of it! yes, so it throbbeth then. The whole year had I been preparing for it. Every hour that I could snatch from my studies was given to shooting at a target. I had made up my mind to win the prize, because it was the prize of my boyish fancy. Keep still, old heart; don't be foolish: the day that

I am going to speak of is not to come; it is dead and buried, though not in the graveyard of oblivion, but in the catacombs of memory. Our Schützengilde had no target, but a wooden eagle,—the Prussian eagle,—with a crown upon his head, the mace in the right claw, the globe in the left, and with wings outspread. Our gun was a cross-bow, our bullets wooden bolts, capped with lead.

"That day was one of those days out of which poetical minds cut their spring songs; it contained all the material for it: there were dancing sunshine, sweet, melodious birds' song, whispering zephyr, perfume of flowers, humming of bees, fleeting summer clouds. The barn—that village Town Hall for all important transactions outside of the tavern—served for Assembly-Room for us boys, whose names were registered for the great eagle-shooting.

"When all the boys had arrived, the marshal commenced arranging the procession: the village fiddler was at hand, assisted by a boy with a drum, and two sticks to beat upon it; then came last year's King,—that is the boy who had, the previous year, shot down the crown. I remember him well, that handsome boy, the miller's son, with his golden locks, his slender form, his dark eyes. Rattata, rattata! went the drum; queek, terr-r, queek, came the fiddle, and we all fell in line,—a boy with the eagle at the head, followed by the cross-bow bearer, and the boy with the prizes to be shot for at the end. Three times we marched round the house, then to the lawn, where the eagle-staff was firmly planted in the ground, amid vociferous cheers. The marshal measured the distance from which to shoot, and drove a stick into the ground as a mark. Then he called upon the old King, the miller's boy, who had of course now divested himself of his decorations, to shoot the first bolt. Our Fräuleins—that is, the little girls of the village—had got a platform erected for themselves, from which to witness the shooting; they were all dressed in their best, adorned with flowers. One of them was chosen Queen, who sat upon a chair. Her duty was to take care of the ensigns of royalty during the interim, and to decorate the new King; she had also to distribute the prizes to the lucky persons that might knock off parts of the eagle; each part had a prize specified, for example a wing, a claw, mace, beak, etc. A wing might stand for a book; the beak, for a peck of apples, etc. Above all was it her duty to walk at the right hand of the new King during his march back to the barn, sit by his side at the table, and be his Queen during the rest of the afternoon.

* Association for target-shooting.

"For that year the beautiful Emma Bentze was elected Queen, who had been the queen of my boyish thoughts for the last two years; she was the prettiest little fairy in the whole neighborhood, although the daughter of the blacksmith. I thought so much of her, that I could not help making some verses about her and to her; these I copied upon the best paper I could get, with diverse colored ink, red, green, and blue in alternate lines. Then I packed them carefully up in an old tin kettle, which the cook had thrown away as useless, and hid it in a hollow tree at the lower end of the garden. Early on Sunday mornings I used to sit down at the root of the old rotten willow-tree, when sure against surprise, and read the poems over, ardently wishing to be discovered by the One. Well, to win this damsel to be my Queen for the day, was my firm determination. But that handsome miller-boy was my powerful rival in more than one way.

"Ratta-tat-ta went the signal for the first shot. The miller's boy lifted the bow, gave me a significant look, then aimed long and sure. I hardly dared to breathe, and my heart beat like the drummer's stick. Snapp! — said the sinew, off went the bolt, but, luckily for me, only grazed the crown. 'A pretty good shot,' said the boys around, — a miss is as good as a mile, I thought, and drew a long breath. My shot came fifth, and having little fear of two, three, four, who were bad shots, I had time to collect myself. "Number five!" shouted the herald. I stepped forward and seized the bow, drew the sinew, threw a rapid glance at Emma, who sat, a real queen, calmly upon her throne, a crown of Mayflowers upon her head. She smiled when she saw me look at her, and I lifted my bow, aimed, but, as fate would have it, my finger touched the trigger too soon, the sinew snapped, threw the bolt out and flat against the eagle staff right under the tail of the bird, and came down to the ground. A shout of laughter from the boys and a titter from the girls was my reward; it nearly set me wild. Almost choked with anger and shame, I retreated behind the crowd, whose attention was already centred in the next shot. A wing was all that was brought down till the miller-boy's turn came again. 'Emma is my Queen,' I plainly heard him think, as he stepped forward to the mark, with a confident smile upon his face; carelessly he lifted the bow, took a deliberate aim, only of a second, — it seemed an hour to me; then came the snapp, the report of the bolt; but oh joy! only the bird's beak fell down, together with the bolt. I thought my

heart would knock a hole in my breast, so violently did it beat. I felt like one just awakened from a nightmare. 'Number five!' came round again; the crown was yet upon the eagle's head. I walked resolutely up to the mark, without looking to the right or left, took the bow from the herald's hand, raised it to my shoulder, aimed, and pulled the trigger. What the effect had been I only learned a few seconds after from the shouts and hand-clapping around me, for the reaction of the overstrained nerves almost made me faint. Only the bow, upon which I supported myself, prevented me from falling; every thing seemed to spin around in a rapid whirl. The herald brought the gilded crown to me, and loudly proclaimed me King of the 'Bogensützen'; then he escorted me to Emma, saying: 'Receive the decorations from your Queen.' Now came the hour of my triumph, cherubs, when Emma fastened the decorations upon my jacket.

"After the shooting for the rest of the prizes was over, — and the rump of the bird had come down after many hard knocks, — Emma made the lucky boys happy with the handsome gifts and her still handsomer smiles. As soon as order had been brought out of the hustling confusion, caused by the breaking up, we marched back to the barn in high glee. Our home march differed greatly from our march to the battle-field, inasmuch as every knight had a damsel at his side, and proudly I walked at the head of all with my Una or Emma, as happy as any king. In the barn we found the tables spread with good things, and toasts were brought out with our glasses of lemonade and claret; and we had a merry time as long as the daylight lasted."

"Grandpa," cried Seth, "I have no more paper to make fidibuses of."

"And I, my little cherub, have no more words with which to spin the story longer; but wait, here is an envelope, which will give a few pipe-lighters more, while I may add that that little Emma, who called me King sixty-five years ago, called me her husband eight years after, and then, in time, became your good old granny. She has been my queen, however, ever since that day, but never gave me the sceptre; she said she would take care of that herself."

"See how sharp your knife is, grandpa," said Zebediah, upholding the shining blade.

"Well done, my boy; give it to me. I will go and try it on yonder rosebush, which needs trimming." Thus saying he rose and walked off, followed by his merry flock of cherubs.

THE YOUNG VIRGINIANS.

BY PORTE CRAYON.

CHAPTER III.

THE unlucky events narrated in our last chapter were the occasion of frequent grave discussions at the Hall, and it was at length determined that our hero should be sent to school. His mother dreaded the evil influences of school companions, but his father declared the boy was growing up a petted greenhorn, and ran more risk of being ruined by the easy seclusion of home. "A school," said he, "is a little world where the boys rough it together, and learn from mutual intercourse those lessons of life which can neither be acquired from books nor purchased with money."

Beverly, whose imagination was fired by the proposed novelty, was impatient to begin, but as the summer vacations were near at hand, it was concluded not to enter him at the village Academy until the opening of the winter session in September.

Mrs. Moreland rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded, and redoubled her loving efforts to impress the bold and passionate character of the boy with more of her own Christian gentleness. Before the summer was over, events seemed providentially shaped to second her pious efforts.

In a remote corner of Colonel Moreland's estate, obscure and sheltered from the winds by a tall forest, stood old Granny Whitlock's dwelling, — a poor log-hut, covered with clapboards, and showing but a single door and window in front. Although so mean and lowly, this cottage had a cheerful aspect, which is often wanting in more pretentious residences.

Its rude walls and paled inclosure were neatly whitewashed, while its door and window were shaded by clusters of flowering beans and morning-glories, trained to the eaves on numerous bright-colored yarn strings. The garden patch was thrifty and well weeded, and in addition to the usual vegetables, every border and spare corner was planted with flowers; and the bloom of lady-slippers, poppies, pretty-by-nights, hollyhocks, and sunflowers, in their season gave the cottage

garden quite a gay appearance. There were also several fruit-trees, — cherries, damsons, mulberries, and peaches, — which furnished enough fruit for the owners, and served to entertain numerous robins, jays, and woodpeckers, who chattered among their branches the livelong day, and unchidden, pecked and carried away the ripest fruit.

Beneath these trees a family of pure white Bantams, with superb top-knots and feathered legs, scratched and clucked in busy contentment;



while outside the inclosure, browsing on the grass and bushes that grew on the border of the forest, roamed a flock of goats, beautifully marked with black and white spots.

The widow Whitlock had once seen better days, but her husband had followed Colonel Moreland to the wars, and fallen in battle. Her son's wife died in giving birth to a daughter, and he, becoming restless and dissipated, went off to sea, so the old woman was left alone in the world with her granddaughter, Susan, and not a penny to bless herself with. Colonel Moreland gave her the cottage and garden patch rent free, and assisted her in all things needful, sending a servant over

to whitewash her house, and spade up her garden in the spring, and taking care that her meat barrel and meal chest should never be empty.

In return, the old woman often went to the Hall to assist in busy times, being skillful in salting meat and curing hams, and enough of a seamstress to help with the women servants' winter clothes. At home, when not occupied in her humble housekeeping, or weeding her garden, she was always spinning or knitting, and on Christmas morning she never failed to present herself at the Hall with a bundle of nice yarn socks for the Colonel and Master Beverly. The children considered it a special privilege to visit Granny Whitlock, and always carried with them a basket filled with cakes, tea, and other luxuries

breeze. Her frocks of striped linsey were often torn, and generally too short; whether it was that the material was scanty, or that she outgrew her grandmother's calculations, we do not know, but the defect only served to show to better advantage the nimble frolicsome grace of her movements. Little Susan's manners seemed very naturally to have been copied from the only companions her secluded life afforded. While assisting her grandmother in the house and garden, she was demure and wise as a little old woman. She never broke a saucer, or pulled up a flower by mistake for a weed; but when she went out to play by the roadside, or in the forest, her wild gambols and adventurous activity showed that she had taken lessons from the goats and squirrels; while her voice rung clear and sweet, like the carol of the birds, her only music-teachers.

When by any chance little Susan got to the Hall, she was invincibly timid and awkward. She would stand all the time with downcast eyes, and with her finger in her mouth, apparently unable to speak above her breath, and answering questions in so confused a manner, that it was difficult to understand her. All the caressing civilities of the little Morelands failed to relieve her bashfulness, and at the first convenient moment she would escape, and run home as fast as her legs could carry her. But when her little friends came to the cottage, she was entirely a different being. There, in her wild domain, she did the honors like a fairy queen. Her hoards of nuts, her top-knot chickens and spotted kids, were shown to her guests, and the choice of them



which her poor house did not afford: and after the sheep shearing, Beverly always brought her a hamper full of wool, of which she made the Christmas socks for his father and himself.

The old dame, as she felt the dullness of age creeping over her, would sometimes sigh and lament over former happiness; but little Susan, who knew of no friend nearer or dearer than her good grandmother, and of no home more pleasant than her wildwood cottage, was the picture of rustic health and contentment.

Her hazel eyes were large, and bright as those of a spotted fawn. Her clear brown cheeks, flushed with healthy red, were shaded by black elfin ringlets, that tossed and tangled in every

offered for their acceptance. Beverly was charmed to see her manage a goat harnessed to a small sled mounted with a box, in which she gathered her walnuts and hickory nuts. Emily was equally delighted with handfuls of the loveliest wild flowers, whose hiding places in the rock breaks were well known to the rustic maiden. Then she could guide them through the forest to the tangled thickets, where the wild raspberries and blackberries most abounded. She could point out the holes of all the squirrels in the wood, and not a bird could hatch a brood in the vicinity of the cottage, without her knowledge. While she would often climb to look into the nest, just to see how they were getting along,

little Susan never disturbed or vexed her harmless neighbors, but often assisted in protecting their young ones from marauding hawks or prowling black snakes.

So pleased were they with these wildwood rambles, that our little people from the Hall always overstayed their time when they visited the Whitlock cottage, and had to be recalled by a messenger from home.

One day, as Beverly and Emily followed Susan through the brakes in search of raspberries, their attention was drawn to a thicket by an extraordinary screeching and chattering among the birds. Susie stopped for a moment, and then lifting her finger emphatically, exclaimed, — "Listen: something is a killing one of their young ones." She then darted into the thicket, and in a few moments returned, all trembling with excitement, — "Oh mercy!" she whispered; "it's a big black snake a charming of a young robin: come here and you can see him." The children followed her a short distance to a ledge of limestone rock which overlooked a grassy cove about six feet below. Immediately under the projecting ledge they saw a large black snake stretched in a wavy line upon the grass; his body as long as a tall man, his head slightly elevated, his mouth partially open, and his wicked eyes shining like two needle points, and intently fixed upon a young robin, which fluttered on the ground a few feet distant from him. The young bird seemed at first attracted by a sort of bewildering curiosity, for he fluttered to and fro, chirping and staring at the snake, which moved slowly and almost imperceptibly toward him, stopping from time to time, as if afraid of being too fast. As they approached each other, the Robin seemed to lose its power of fluttering, and became almost paralyzed with terror; its wings dragged upon the ground, its eyes were nearly closed, and at every hop it made toward the snake, it staggered, and uttered a feeble cry, like a wail of helplessness. While this was going on, the parent birds flew around in the greatest agony, sometimes fluttering over their little one as if encouraging him to break the fatal spell, and fly away to a safe tree; and again, desperately darting at the snake, who frightened them away with a quick motion of his head.

The adjoining trees and bushes were filled with sympathizing kindred and friends of the family. There were cat-birds, jays, thrushes, sparrows, and woodpeckers, all of whom joined heartily in the hue and cry, but none ventured so near the dreadful snake as the poor distressed parents.

The children entered into full sympathy with the birds, and stood watching the cruel scene with mingled anxiety and terror. "Oh," cried Susie, "how I wish a man with a gun would come along, and he would kill the snake!"

Beverly, meanwhile, had felt his blood stirred, and stepping aside, he took up a stout branch, at the same time looking vindictively at the ugly reptile. Anticipating what he might attempt, his sister seized his arms, and declared she would die of fright if he went near the monster. Susie's black eyes danced at the thought of a rescue, but she joined in dissuading him from the venture. The snake, she declared, was swifter than a bird and stronger than a horse; yet she thought he might stand in safety on the edge of the rock, and throw a stone so as to kill or drive him away, and thus save the poor little bird.

The suggestion was adopted without hesitation, and picking up a stone as large as his head, Beverly crept to the point where the rock overhung the cove. There was but a moment left to reconnoitre, and poise the uplifted stone. The young bird had staggered up to within a foot of the snake's mouth, whose black body squirmed and glistened with eagerness. The stone fell with a heavy thud, striking the snake just midway of his length. Quick as lightning the reptile threw up his head and tail, until they met in agonized writhings around the stone. At the same instant the young robin gave a scream, and leaping up, flew round and round in joyous circles, where it was presently joined by all the birds with outcries louder than ever, their notes no longer expressing grief or terror, but sounding rather like a hymn of thanksgiving warbled in full chorus. Nor was their young deliverer forgotten in this ovation, for the old robins flew round him in circles so close as to touch him with their grateful wings.

Swift and joyful as the birds, the little girls ran forward to where Beverly stood, Emily throwing her arms about his neck, and between laughing and crying, kissed him over and over again. Susie, all wild with enthusiasm, exclaimed, "O you sweet, pretty boy, — that was well done." She looked as if she was about to kiss him too, but stopped suddenly, and turning away with her brown cheeks all aglow, put her finger in her mouth, and fixed her eyes intently on the wounded snake below.

"Is he dead?" asked Beverly. — "No, not yet," she replied; "he is nearly cut in two, but you know his tail won't die until sundown."

Emily refused to look again, declaring she felt

weak and giddy, and wanted to go home. Bevy, who was glorious as Saint George when he slew the Dragon, took his sister's hand and started toward the cottage. Susie hung back, and would have walked behind, but the young gentleman insisted on her taking his other hand, and thus the three children retraced their steps through the forest. Emily, whose nerves had been rudely shaken, started at every fluttering leaf or crooked stick, thinking it another snake, while the little cottager walked silent and with downcast eyes, ashamed for the first time of her coarse frock and bare legs, and vaguely sad at the thought that she had no brother.

Soon after the children got back to the Hall, Emily was seized with a violent chill, and the next morning was found to be seriously ill. The village Doctor, Oakenstaff, was called, but in spite of his prescriptions and cheerful encouragement, she grew worse from hour to hour. Soon she became entirely delirious, recognizing no one, shuddering, and talking in her dreams of a great snake that haunted her.

At intervals she grew calmer, and would recognize her friends with a languid smile, and reach out for the sweet flowers that were kept always standing in a vase by her bedside. These were the only things that seemed to afford her any pleasure, and every morning without fail came little Susie with a bouquet fresh gathered from the wood. She no longer tripped across the fields as formerly, bare-headed and bare-legged, but came with her pretty curls hidden under an awkward sun-bonnet a mile too big, and her plump feet cased in socks and shoes, which, if they detracted from her native grace, she thought at least looked more respectable. Each day she came with hopes and smiles fresh like her flowers, and returned to her grandmother with the sad news, — the little lady grew worse and worse.

The Doctor at length put aside his pretended cheerfulness, and announced to Colonel Moreland that the disease was typhoid of a malignant type, and that the case was beyond his skill. It matters not how firm may be their faith in the physician's judgment, parents are not willing to believe when he tells them their little one must die, but will continue to hope and strive when all reasonable ground for hope is gone. There was another Doctor of high repute, a warm friend of the family, living in the town of S —, ten miles distant, and it was determined to send for him.

Colonel Moreland ordered Cæsar to get out his fast riding mare. In three minutes she was at

the door, bridled and saddled. Now for the boldest and lightest rider, to carry this note to Doctor Hazlewand!

Bill stood by trembling with eagerness, and at these words spoke up, — "Master, that's me."

The Colonel eyed the officious brat contemptuously, and turned again to Cæsar with an inquiring look.

Cæsar replied, — "He can do it, sir; he ain't afeard of any hoss, and he is light weight."

"Were you ever at S —? Do you know the way? How will you find the Doctor?" asked the master, still doubting.

"Dat town's on de turnpike," said Bill. "I knows a turapike from a dirt road; I follers turnpike 'til I come to a town; I axes for de Doctor wid his name on de letter; folks tells me, 'He lives da, in dat house,'"

"Enough," said the Colonel: "you can go."

Bill darted at the mare, but for some reason hesitated to mount.

"Shall I shorten the stirrups?" asked Cæsar.

"Take it off, Uncle Cæsar. Dat saddle jist wexes me; I rather ride bar-back."

Cæsar removed the saddle, and then seizing Bill by the jacket and breeches, tossed him into its place. "I say, boy, don't you kill dis mar: you hear?"

"No matter," said the Colonel, "so that he brings the Doctor in time. Now ride for your life."

Bill grasped mane and bridle, and digging his heels against the animal's ribs, started off at a round trot, which presently broke into a canter, and before he was out of sight, became a full run. He started about sunset, and from that hour, those who had not abandoned all hope for the little patient went to and fro, looking anxiously for the messenger's return. One after another they stole from the bedside to look at the Hall clock, and from thence to the front porch, to listen for the sound of horses' hoofs. Yet so wearily the moments lingered, that but for its sonorous and solemn tick, one might have thought the old clock had run down. So silent was the summer night, that but for their twinkling, one might have believed the very stars were gone to sleep. When at length the hands of the clock had crept around to mark a quarter to nine, the distant clatter of horses' feet aroused the quiet circle, and all hurried to the front porch.

In a few minutes Bill dashed up to the door, and Cæsar promptly lifted him from the horse, as the Colonel put his impatient inquiries in a single word, — "Well?"

"He's comin'," said Bill, — "just behind wid he's fast trotter in he's gig; ke-he, — ke-he, — thought he could travel wid dis mar, but he nothin' but a tar-pin beside of her."

The mare was led back to the stable ail in a foam, and staggering.

In a few minutes after, Doctor Hazlewand drove up, and having given some specific directions in regard to the treatment of his trotter, was introduced into the patient's chamber.

The moment he saw the white peaked face of the child, his countenance fell. He felt her pulse, exchanged significant glances with Doctor Oakenstaff, and they presently walked together into the Hall. It was too late, as the little girl was evidently dying.

During these nine days Beverly had been purposely kept away from the sick-room, and occupied with his usual studies and amusements. He missed his little playmate, and felt grieved and impatient that she did not get well. However, he had implicit faith in his father and the Doctor, and relied on them to bring his sister back to health, for with so much learning, wisdom, and wealth, they could scarcely fail to have things their own way.

To-day he had been called in to see her, but she did not recognize him, and he could hardly believe that he saw his sister Emily, so sadly had she changed. He went out, shocked and bewildered; but when told that she could not get well, his grief was, for the moment, smothered by a



feeling of anger. As he passed, Doctor Oakenstaff put forth his hand to caress his curly head, but the boy threw it off with a burst of resentment, — "Go away, you old" — Here he stopped, but the Doctor understood him: "Speak it out, my boy. Old fool, — humbug, — that's what you meant. Alas! it's true, — too true," and the Doctor walked away with watery eyes.

Turning to his father, Beverly asked in a tone of indignant inquiry, — "Papa, are you going to let Emmy die?" at the same time his eyes were fixed instinctively on that recess where hung the formidable sword and pistols, idols which his childish fancy had endowed with superhuman

powers. "Papa, can't we fight with Death?" The strong man shook with an emotion which he in vain endeavored to conceal; waving his hand, he only said, "My son, go talk with your mother."

Were then the wisdom, wealth, and valor, which heretofore he had almost worshipped, indeed so impotent and despicable, that he must seek strength and comfort from the poor, timid, tearful woman? So Beverly went to his mother, who was sitting quietly and patiently by the bedside, waiting for the light to go out.

"Mama, can no one help us?"

"We are in the hands of God, my son, and He alone can help."

"Then we can do nothing?"

"Nothing of ourselves, but we may pray for help, — with humble hearts confessing our sins, and forgiving our enemies."

"Mama, I forgive Jack Roughead, and will never willingly do wrong again." So the mother and son wept and prayed together.

After a while, the Colonel and the two Doctors came in to see the child, who lay white and motionless as a figure of alabaster. They felt her pulse, — it had ceased to beat; they held a looking-glass to her mouth, but the polished surface was untarnished. It is all over.

The nurse covered the little face with a napkin; two tall wax candles were lighted, and set upon the table; the mourners all retired, and the doors were closed. Caesar invited the two medical gentlemen into the supper-room, where some refreshments had been served.

"It is a very singular case," said Doctor Hazlewood, helping himself to a glass of wine.

"Very," replied Doctor Oakenstaff, pouring out a tumbler of brandy. "I have never seen any one go off in that way before. It is puzzling."

So the Doctors ate and chatted, and at length went to bed. Their long and anxious vigils ended, the afflicted family sought the needful rest and seclusion in their chambers. The master found his wife lying on the bed, her calm and regular breathing indicating a natural sleep. It was at least a consolation to see her thus, for he could not sleep. So he sat down silently and watched until the day dawned, and the birds began their morning carol in the trees. Suddenly the lady started up, exclaiming, — "I heard my child call."

"Wife," said the agitated husband, "do not go; you are dreaming."

"She called me," persisted the mother, pressing her hands upon her forehead, to assure herself that she was awake. The Colonel sought by gentle force to detain her, but she broke away, and hurried to her daughter.

On her way, she met the cottage girl, Susie, with joy-dilated eyes and uplifted hands: "Lady, she calls for you." When Mrs. Moreland entered the room, her child was sitting up in the bed, her dreamy blue eyes open, and a fresh nose-gay clasped in her hand. Immediately recognizing her mother, she stretched out her arms to her.

"I brought her flowers early this morning," said Susie. "They told me she was dead, but I did n't believe it; so, ma'am, I made free to come in and put them in her little hand myself; then she waked up, and called her mother."

And having told her story, Susie slipped away home, unnoticed amid the general joy. The Doctors both declared they suspected the child had fallen into a state of syncope, and would revive again, and now they said the crisis was over, and little Emily would get well with careful nursing. Bill took especial credit to himself for having brought the Doctor in good time.

"And how is the mare, Bill?" inquired the Colonel.

"Oh, sir, she's done dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed the master, looking rather vexed; "how's that?"

"You know, master," said Bill, "you said if I fetch de Doctor quick, no matter if I kill de mar. Well, sir, I fetched 'um in good time to save Miss Emmy's life, — and de mar done died."

"Certainly, Bill, you did your duty, and the loss shall not be yours."

From that day little Emily began to recover slowly but surely, and before the winter set in, the roses of health again bloomed in her cheeks. The happiness of the family circle was not the less sincere because it assumed a more quiet and thoughtful character than formerly. The faithful mother was blessed with the double joy of seeing both her children restored, as it were, to a new life. The passionate pride of both father and son seemed to have been strangely softened. That fall, many noble charities were dispensed among the poor and unfortunate by an unknown hand.

The half-paid parson, with nine children, received a five hundred dollar bank-note through the post-office. Poor Mrs. Roughead found a fine cow tied to her gate-post, with a label on its horn which she could not read, but which, one of the neighbors told her, made the cow her property. Tom, the runaway slave, who lay so long in the county jail, was one morning released, and presented, by the sheriff, with a sum of money, and the certificate of his freedom. Granny Whitlock's cottage got a new roof of shingles, and little Susie a suitable and becoming outfit of winter clothes. There were many others whose needs and embarrassments were thus relieved, but we will not enumerate.

The people all asked, — "Who could do these things but the rich man, Colonel Moreland?"

Yet, if any one undertook to thank him, he turned away with a look so strange and cold, that the grateful heart was chilled and abashed.

"Let him alone," they said. "Perhaps it is the proud man's way of thanking God for a great mercy."

INSTINCT.

BY ANNA M. WELLS.

ONE summer a bird in an old oak-tree
 Had cunningly woven her nest ;
 And four little delicate eggs lay there,
 All under her motherly breast.

The sun rose up and the sun went down,
 And, patient, from earliest morn,
 She waited, with peace in her trustful heart,
 The time for her young to be born.

But under the oak-tree's shadow, a snake,
 Curled up in the tall grass, lay
 On watch for the bird, and the dainty eggs
 He would have for his feast that day.

So, up through the sprays of the clasping vine
 That encircled the trunk, he wound
 To where, in the shadow of quivering leaves,
 The poor little nest would be found.

But harm shall not reach them. The Father
 above
 Hath quickened the heart of the bird ;
 Courageous, alert, to the rescue she springs,
 By that wonderful impulse stirred.

She knew by that merciful gift of love, —
 She knew by that INSTINCT good, —

That leaves must be plucked from the *White-ash*
 tree,
 That next to the oak-tree stood.

So, off to the ash-tree, and back to the oak,
 Again and again went she ;
 And silvery leaves each time she brought
 In her beak, from the *White-ash* tree.

And over her jewels she heaped them up, —
 A covering lightly made !
 Until the four eggs were as safe from harm
 As a babe in its cradle laid.

Still, upward winding, the snake crept on
 To where the small nest lay hid ;
 But scarcely those sheltering leaves had touched,
 When down through the boughs he slid.

Down, down the long trunk of the tall oak-tree,
 While all the vine tendrils shake,
 Strengthless he falls, for the white-ash leaves
 Are death to the venomous snake.

Then up went a song from the bird's glad heart,
 Her treasures all safe in the nest ;
 She chirped her contentment, and warmed them*
 again,
 Beneath the soft down of her breast.

FRANCIS HUBER.

THERE is an old familiar story called " Eyes and no Eyes," which tells how two boys, who had each a good pair of eyes, took the same walk in the country, but came back, one with nothing to tell because he had not used his eyes ; the other with his head full of remarkable sights which he had seen. Spring has come, and there is a general waking up of Nature : eyes have a wonderful deal to look at ; will they see half as much as a blind man once saw who literally had no eyes, and yet has written the most minute and accurate account of the habits of that little creature, the bee ?

Francis Huber was born with a good pair of eyes, in Geneva, Switzerland, July 2, 1750. His

parents were well-known citizens, who gave him a good education, and he cared so much for study and reading, that he very unwisely bartered his eyes for knowledge ; for late at night he worked in his room over a dim candle, and when that went out, by the light of the moon, carrying further the studies of the day, and reading romances. He did not take very good care of himself, it is to be feared ; for his health, and with it his sight, began to give way when he was about fifteen. It looked as if he were about to become blind, and his father took him to Paris to consult a famous oculist. This physician sent him into the country, away from books and college friends, to lead the life of a peasant upon a farm. He

lived with the plain people about him, following the plough all day, and sleeping all night, instead of wasting candles and moonlight. His health returned, and he went back to Geneva, in love with the country, and with his head full of many things that he had noticed as he worked in the fields.

But his eyes grew dimmer, and it became certain that he must be soon totally blind. Before they closed, however, he had seen the face of a young girl, Marie Lullin, whom he was to see but a short time longer, but who was to live faith-

fully with him for forty years. Her father was very angry that a young man about to be totally blind should offer to marry his daughter, who had two eyes, and was to have a large fortune, and refused his consent to the marriage. Huber, in despair, used all the remaining light in his eyes to get such a vivid knowledge of things about him as should last him when he could no longer see. He looked at every thing closely, and putting together what he saw with what he remembered, and what he imagined he saw, he was able to present such a picture to himself as sometimes



even deceived him into believing that he saw every particle of it, just as we think we recollect a good many things that happened to us when children, because they have been told us over and over. At any rate, he used his knowledge and sight so discreetly, that it was very hard for other people to suppose him nearly blind; and this was exactly what he wished, for it was his probable helplessness which made Marie's father refuse him his daughter. But Lullin was not won over by this course, and steadily kept to his

refusal. Marie, however, remained faithful; and when, seven years after, at twenty-five, the law allowed her freedom, she married Huber, and thenceforth was inseparable from him, reading to him, writing for him, and most of all, observing for him.

For this was the wonderful fact about Huber, that having no eyes, he used the eyes of those about him in such a way, that he was able to make discoveries which astonished the scientific world, and have never been proved false. He

had his wife, he had also a sagacious and devoted servant, named Francis Burnens, and finally his son Pierre grew up to observe for him, and to become himself famous for his study of ants. Huber's life in the country had made him fond of Natural History, and his interest had been increased by reading; moreover, he had a neighbor named Charles Bonnet, who had some reputation as a scientific man, and came to talk with him.

In his darkness, therefore, for he had now become totally blind, he began to remember certain facts about bees, which he had noticed, and wished to explain them. For this it was necessary to watch them, and he set Francis Burnens to work, telling him what to look at and to look for. He asked him questions in such a way that the quick-witted servant learned what to notice, and daily reported his observations. Huber's mind became intensely occupied with this subject. He asked his wife and his neighbors what they saw, and if they saw thus and thus. In this way he was getting the observations of a number of people, who all saw independently of each other; and Huber once said, smiling, to a brother naturalist, "I am much more certain of what I state than you are; for you publish what your own eyes only have seen, while I take the mean among many witnesses."

In his darkness, Huber's mind took hold of the facts presented to it, and turned them about, put them together, made one explain another; and, in a word, constructed whole facts out of the bits and fragments which different people brought to him. "He discovered," for instance, says one of his friends, "that the nuptials, so mysterious and so remarkably fruitful of the queen bee, the only mother of the tribe, never take place in the hive, but always in the open air, and at such an elevation as to escape ordinary observation, — but not the intelligence of a blind man, aided by a peasant. He confirmed, by multiplied observations, the discovery of Schirach, until then disputed, that bees can transform, at pleasure, the eggs

of working bees into queens by appropriate food. He described with much care the combats of queen bees with each other, the massacre of drones, and all the singular occurrences which take place in a hive when a strange queen is introduced as a substitute for the natural queen. He showed the influence which the dimensions of the cells exert upon the shape of the insects which proceed from them; he related the manner by which the larvæ spin the silk of their cocoons; he studied the origin of swarms, and was the first who gave a rational and accurate history of those flying colonies." This, and very much more, is recited as the discovery of Huber.

Now who saw all this, Francis Burnens or Francis Huber? Bees had been seen by peasants ever since the world began, and yet Huber, who had no eyes, was the first really to see them. Burnens was indefatigable in following his master's directions, but he could not put his facts together as Huber did. Just so our eyes may rest upon every thing about us, but behind the eye is the mind, that sits like Huber all alone, and directs the eye what to look at and report to it; and it is just as the mind directs and the eye obeys, that we find out things, — *discover*, — that is, take off the cover and see what is underneath. That habit which Huber formed when he was growing blind, of putting together what he heard and what he remembered and also saw very imperfectly, was a capital preparation for his scientific studies afterward, and made it more possible for him to put Burnens' facts into just their right places. Burnens brought him this and that, and Huber put this and that together.

Every one who knew him said that he was a happy man, and no wonder, for his mind was busy all the while about things worth knowing; and instead of complaining bitterly and idly that he had no eyes, he thanked God that he had a mind, and could make very good use of Burnens' eyes. He died in 1831, eighty-one years of age.

THE ARBUTUS QUEST.

"I THINK I shall go in search of Arbutus to-day," Uncle Jamie remarked, one cheery April morning. "I saw some a week ago that ought to be in bloom now, with the soft showers and warm sunshine we have had." The bright, eager faces lifted to Uncle Jamie's needed no words to interpret the hope his announcement gave. But

Mark's impulsiveness could not wait for an invitation. "Uncle Jamie," he exclaimed, "may I go?" "And can't we all go?" chorused Miriam, Essie, Rachel, and Ruth. Matthew waited in dignified quiet for the clamor to subside, and to make up his mind too, "Whether he would care to go with such a troop of children." He

thought he would, and went to his mother to get permission for them all, and found that Uncle Jamie had secured it before he mentioned his plan; that the eggs had boiled their allotted twenty minutes, and the sandwiches and turn-overs were ready for the lunch baskets. These were brought down with a great deal of exultation. When Uncle Jamie went to Bangor, to spend Christmas with a "chum," they together visited the Indians who live at Old Town, about ten miles from the city. They went to the house of an old squaw who had often brought baskets to Mrs. Frost, "chum's" mother, and bought of her these white chip baskets for the children, and a slender canoe of birch bark for their mother. The children were rather disappointed when Uncle Jamie told them that the Indians did not live in wigwams, but in nice houses; that they wore coats, dresses, and shoes, instead of blankets and moccasins; and that they were like the Indians of history, and of their imaginations, only in their forms, features, and language. They still use the Penobscot tongue among themselves.

The children swarmed into the kitchen, and were buzzing about their mother and Bridget in such a distracting way that Bridget's patience failed, and opening the door with a "Whist, now; be off wid yees!" she clapped her hands and sent them hurrying out like a brood of chickens.

They found Uncle Jamie in the hall with his long tin case strapped at his side. "How many of you have your scissors?" he inquired, and away they all went to get their "round-pointed" scissors, for Uncle Jamie would not have the forest plants rudely wrenched and shaken, but the little woodland trophies were so gently parted from the parent stem that not a fibre or rootlet was wounded.

When they came back the baskets were ready, and with joyous "good bys" to their mother, and the little ones who were "too small to go," they followed Uncle Jamie toward Echo Lane, beyond whose seclusion lay a sunny bank where grew "the darling of all hearts," the trailing arbutus. As they strolled through the lane, looking under the wild rose hedge for violets, Mark entertained himself by wakening the echo, which was distinct and repeated itself in soft, retreating sounds.

"We had the story of Echo not long ago," said Matthew to Uncle Jamie.

"What's that?" said Essie, whose ear caught the charmed word "story."

"Matthew was speaking of what our friends,

'the ancients,' thought of the echo. Do you remember what I told you last summer about it, — how it was caused?"

"Yes, sir," said Essie.

"Well, the ancients did n't account for it with any such dry reason. They said that once there was a nymph (which means a young and beautiful girl), who was very fond of the forests and hills, and of forest sports. She had tastes like Diana, and was quite a favorite with her. She was very fond too of talking, and one day she vexed Juno, one of the goddesses, by talking too much, and she said to Echo, 'I will punish you. Hereafter you shall have what you enjoy so much, — the last word, but you shall not be able to speak first.' Not long after this Echo, in her wanderings, saw Narcissus, who was very handsome. He had a fine form, glossy curls, a clear, fresh complexion, and a rich bloom in his cheeks. She loved him and followed him, but, of course, could not speak to him till he had spoken.

"Finally he was out hunting, and was separated from his companions and lost. He shouted to them, 'Where are you? Are any of you here?' Echo, who was near and right glad to have him speak at last, called in reply, 'Here!' He looked all about, and not seeing any one, called again, 'Come!' Echo repeated the invitation, 'Come,' and Narcissus, very much perplexed, called again, 'Let us meet here.' Echo was delighted, and repeating his words, came from her hiding-place. But Narcissus, who, it seems, was very hard-hearted, ran off and left poor Echo. She was greatly mortified and pained at his treatment, and unwilling to meet any of her old friends, and, I dare say, not caring much for their society. She hid herself in caverns and in secluded spots among the hills, and finally, worn out with grief and loneliness, she died. Her bones were changed to rocks, and her voice still haunts the solitudes she loved, and, faithful to her privilege, she still has 'the last word.'"

"I think Narcissus was too bad," said Essie.

"Perhaps," replied Uncle Jamie, "he thought she was n't modest enough. I think a great deal more of young ladies who are rather retiring, and whose society I have to seek, than I do of those who pounce on a poor fellow and make him go to walk, or into society, or anywhere else they happen to fancy."

"I know who you mean," said Mark triumphantly, — "Miss - s - s - s;" but the keen glance Uncle Jamie gave Mark was not to be disregarded, and Echo did n't hear what Miss was Uncle Jamie's persecutor. He resumed: "The natives

of the West Indies used to think that the echoes were the voices of their departed friends, who, they thought, had their new homes somewhere among the mountains. The Chinese think so now. In Ireland, echo is called 'Son of the Rock.' Echo was n't the only one whom Narcissus treated badly. He would n't care for any of them, although his beauty made them all love him."

"I think he was spoiled with attention," said Matthew.

"That may be," said Uncle Jamie, "but he had his punishment. A nymph, who had tried in vain to interest him, prayed to Nemesis, the goddess who avenged pride and insolence, that he might some time know the sorrow of a love that was not returned. She heard the prayer and answered it in this way. There was a fountain whose waters were very clear. It was overhung by a cooling rock, and its brim was edged with tender grass and flowers. Narcissus, who was hunting, tired, thirsty, and warm, came to this fountain, and stooping to drink, saw on its glass-like surface his own beautiful face. He thought it was the spirit of the fountain, and gazing on her with admiration, he stooped to kiss her. Of course he could n't see his image when he put his face so close to the water, and he thought she fled from him. He reproached her for being so indifferent to him, and made many efforts to win her to conversation. He hovered about the fountain, and, like poor Echo, pined and at last died; and among the flowers that grew on the fountain's brink, sprang one with white petals, and within, a cup edged with crimson, and *that* was Narcissus."

"Why," said Essie, with delight, "I did n't know there was such a story about those flowers. Mine are almost in bloom. I was looking at them this morning, and I shall go straight to them when I get home."

"I like to know these stories," said Miriam; "it makes me feel as though there were something more in the flowers to love than just their beauty and fragrance; they seem like friends."

"You have a sympathy with Wordsworth. He says, —

" 'It is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.' "

While they were talking they had been strolling slowly up the hill, which was clothed with pines. The ground was covered with the brown, needle-like leaves, and here and there a merry bit of sunshine danced on the sombre carpet.

They left the slippery path to go to the spring that bubbled up under the bank, and whose

waters were cold in summer's hottest days. Close beside it were some pale arbutus buds, but it was too cool and shaded for any blossoms so early.

A shout from Mark and Esther called the others on. They had found a broad space where fairy-like anemones and sturdier hepaticas were nodding their pretty heads in welcome. "What a variety of anemones there are," said Miriam, who was making a more careful bouquet than the others. "Here are these pure white, and *these* are tinged with rose color."

"Yes, and see all these liverworts, — I can't remember Uncle Jamie's name for them," said Essie: "are they blue anemones? Rebekah Hudson brought some to school and said they were; I told her I knew they were not; that I called them liverworts, and you had another name for them, but it was n't blue anemones."

"Rebekah is both right and wrong. They belong to the Ranunculaceæ family, and are 'first cousins' to these more fragile flowers, but their name has been changed recently, and they are called hepaticas. You must remember the names of your friends, Essie."

They gathered their hands full, and then it was proposed they should go on to the oak-tree and eat their lunch. "Not that I care for mine," said Mark, "but then I must have some place for my flowers." The oak-tree was a favorite resting-place. It stood where three roads diverged, leaving a broad, grassy slope, and though there was now no verdure to shelter them, they gathered about it. A few russet leaves still clung to the boughs. They had sung requiems when Nature lay dead in field, and forest, and upland lea; but the sunshine was working miracles in the rugged branches, and the brown little buds were stirring to take their

— "Part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills."

There was much frolicking and running after desperate eggs and cookies that took headlong but futile flights from destiny. After the truants had all been brought back, the lunch progressed very quietly, excepting that Mark alarmed them all by getting dreadfully choked with a crumb that flew down his throat, and Matthew, who was bowing superlatively as he passed the salt, had some grains whiffed into his eye by a prankish breeze. As the tears rolled out of the afflicted member, Matthew said he thought those must be "*very* briny tears."

"Yes," said Essie; "how much trouble you boys do get into; choked with crumbs and blinded with salt."

"Who always gets into the brook?" retorted Mark.

"I don't — always," said Essie.

"I don't think sparring is quite safe or quite pleasant," interposed Uncle Jamie. "If you have feasted sufficiently, we'll go on."

Their path lay through a grove of pines, that yielded their balsamic odors to the noontide heats, and just beyond, the object of their quest poured out its honied sweetness.

"Oh, how I wish mother were here to see these beautiful flowers," said Miriam. "We must take the very choicest to her." While they were hovering over them, reluctant to mar the broidery of green and russet leaves and dainty bloom, they heard the sound of wheels, and saw Mrs. Newton, Rachel, and Ruth coming. Mrs. Newton made them happy by admiring the flowers as much as even their enthusiasm could ask. When at last they had filled their baskets, they asked their mother if they might not send them home by her, for the other flowers were drooping from the heat.

"Do these dear little flowers grow everywhere?" Miriam asked.

"No, there are some localities where they grow very abundantly, as here; and in others, but a few miles distant, no care or skill can make them thrive. They are members of a large family, all evergreens, and some growing as trees, twenty feet high."

"Are their flowers as beautiful as these?"

"No, their beauty is in their foliage and fruit. Do you remember the engravings of the Lakes of Killarney that we saw when we were looking through that portfolio Mr. Rossiter brought with him from Europe?"

"Were they those with so many beautiful little islands in them, and did n't he show us some pressed leaves from some ruins near?"

"Yes, the ruins of an abbey. Well, on the shores of those lakes are groves of arbutus-trees, whose branches in November are brightened by brilliant scarlet and yellow berries. There is a variety in the south of Europe, called the strawberry arbutus, from the resemblance of its berries to that fruit. I am not sure that the trees of the two localities are the same, but the fruit of neither is pleasant to eat. The blossoms of the Irish arbutus are insignificant little things of a greenish yellow."

"Augh!" said Essie, "they must be awful. I don't like yellow very well, and *greenish* yellow!"

"Why, Essie, you were very enthusiastic over those yellow violets I brought you in last week."

"Oh, those were different. They were lovely!"

"And field buttercups?"

"Yes, I like those too; but I was thinking of other kinds of yellow — yellow dresses."

"Oh," laughed her uncle, "your little mind is on pomps and vanities already."

Right welcome were the cool waters of the little spring, and while they sat on the bank to rest, Uncle Jamie opened his case and took from the damp mosses on which he had pillowed his flowers, a rose-tinted anemone. "Miriam, did you hear me speaking with your father and mother about that beautiful head of Venus that I saw at Schaus's when I was down?"

"Yes, sir."

"These flowers remind me of it."

"Do they? That is curious."

"Not very. You recollect I told you something of Venus's exquisite loveliness, and how much grace and delicacy the artist had wrought into every line. The goddess was one day playing with her boy Cupid, when she was accidentally hurt by one of his golden arrows, and before the wound was healed she saw Adonis. He is said by some to have sprung from a tree nymph, and by others to have been the son of an Assyrian king. He was, at all events, very handsome and fascinating, and charmed Venus so that all her former favorite pursuits were neglected that she might be near him. One day he was in the forests hunting and roused a wild boar. The enraged animal attacked him, and with his tusks wounded him so frightfully that he died. Some have said that Mars, who was formerly a favorite of Venus's, was jealous of the interest she took in Adonis, and in revenge assumed the form of a wild boar and killed him.

"Venus wept bitterly over him, and from the ground stained with his blood sprang this slender flower, that, it is said, the wind opens, and whose crimson-streaked petals so soon fall off, — a symbol of the brief life of Adonis. The ancients held a festival every year which lasted two days, and was called Adonia in honor of Venus and Adonis. The first day was passed in tears and mourning, the second in gayety, and was typical of the death and resurrection of Nature."

"Friends," interrupted Matthew, springing upon a little knoll, and extending his arms oratorically toward the group before him, "I feel like one who stands alone; but it gives me the sublimest satisfaction to say that this day will be 'an oasis in the desert of my life.' It is replete with pleasant occurrences, and will ever live in

my memory 'like a bright scintillation of Truth.' But I feel with the poet, 'Each pleasure bath its poison too.' The time for bidding these pleasant scenes adieu has come. We cannot linger though we would. Let us take up again the burden of our daily life. Let us return to its activities and realities. Let us go home to 'broiled chitten and a cut o' tea.'

Mark executed an appreciative double somerset, and his companions proved the power of

his eloquence by starting immediately homeward.

If Matthew's suggestion was welcome to the party, doubly so was the savory odor of the plump, tender chickens and the fragrance of the tea that greeted them as they gathered in the dining room. And parlor, sitting and dining room were brightened by the bloom, and pervaded with the daintier perfume of the beautiful messengers of Flora, the West-wind's bride.

BARRELS AND BEANS.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

"O MAMA!" shouted Ainslee, running in from school a few days after the party, "there's going to be vacation next week for three whole weeks, an' then school's going to begin again. Miss Barrett said it would begin the first o' June an' keep till August; an' then there's going to be a Deamination, and we've all got to speak pieces. There's going to be people and every thing to hear us. Pick out a nice piece for me to speak, mama."

"This minute?" said mama. "Because, if you can wait a little while, it will give me time to try on this cap."

"What cap?" said Ainslee. "Why, it's a new one! Is it for me?"

"Yes," said mama. "Your winter one is very shabby, and it is too soon to put on a straw hat, so I have made you a Scotch cap from these pieces of velvet. You can keep this for school, and wear the old one when you are playing at home. What have you in your hand?"

"Two whistles," said Ainslee. "I made 'em both, only Tommy helped me with one. Sinny's in the wood-house, and we're going to have a concert with my drum and a tin pan."

"Boo!" said a voice from somewhere.

"Why, what's that?" said Ainslee, jumping.

"There must be a bear under the bed, I think," said mama. "Look and see."

Ainslee lifted the valance, but before he could really see, was caught by the leg and held tight, while somebody behind put their hands over his eyes.

"Guess who it is," said a voice.

"Why, it's Lizzie," screamed Ainslee, delighted. "And Jack is under the bed."

"No he is n't," said Jack, scrambling out. "Come on; let's go to the concert."

"But I thought you was in New York," said Ainslee. "When did you come?"

"This very noon, up from the Falls, in the cars," said Lizzie; "and we was so afraid you'd be home from school before we got here. Jack ran right under the bed first thing, and Aunt put me under her hoop, 'cause she said you'd be here right off. Ain't you very glad we've come?"

"I guess I am," said Ainslee. "Let's go right out to the wood-house."

"Dinner first," said mama, "and then all the play you want. I hear the bell now."

"This is the reason you did n't want me to take any lunch this morning, is n't it, mama?" said Ainslee. "You knewed all the time they were coming."

"I guess so," said mama, as they went into the dining-room, where Ainslee found Uncle John and Aunt Sue, looking just as they had done last Thanksgiving.

"You're going to stay ever and ever so long, ain't you?" said Ainslee, as dinner went on.

"Not this time," Uncle John answered. "I must go home early to-morrow morning, but Aunt Sue can do as she pleases."

"Oh, stay, do!" said Ainslee. "I don't want Lizzie and Jack to go away."

"Suppose I leave them," said Aunt Sue, laughing. "You seem quite willing to do without me, and perhaps grandma will not mind two more grandchildren for a few days."

"No indeed," said grandma. "They're very good children, and I'd love to have them stay."

You're not very polite, Ainslee. I thought you loved Aunt Sue."

"So I do, ever so," said Ainslee. "Only I'd rather have her go home than Lizzie or Jack, 'cause I can't play with her, and there's lots o' things I want to do. But I wish you'd all stay."

"Where is Ainslee?" sounded Sinny's voice from the kitchen. "I'm awful tired waiting for him."

"Here I am," called Ainslee, giving Aunt Sue a little hug as he ran by her. "Please to 'scuse all of us, grandma, 'cause we're going to have a concert. Won't Sinny be surprised?"



Sinny smiled from ear to ear, as the three ran into the kitchen. He wore a paper cap with a feather in it, and the drum was hung around his neck by a red cord.

"Oh, that's the way you do, is it?" said Jack. "You got a cap, Ainslee?"

"No," said Ainslee. "I don't know how to make 'em."

"Well, I do," said Jack. "You get me some newspapers, two of 'em, and we'll all have caps and epaulets too. Bring some pins."

Jack spread out the papers which Ainslee brought, and very soon had three caps ready. Then he folded some pieces of paper a good many times, and cut the ends into narrow strips, which he crumpled a little in his hand as he pulled them open, and then pinned to his and the other children's shoulders.

"Now we're the band o' the New York Seventh Regiment," said he. "What'll I play on?"

"One o' these whistles," said Ainslee, "unless grandpa'll let you have the old dinner-horn."

He won't," said Jack, after a moment's disappearance in the dining-room. "He says the neighbors would all be in if I blew that, but he let me have your tin trumpet out o' his drawer."

"Why it's been gone ever so long," said Ainslee, surprised to see it. "I'll always ask grandpa now if I lose any thing. You've got a trumpet, Jack, an' I've got a whistle, and Sinny a drum. What'll you play on, Lizzie?"

"There's beans out in the wood-house, lots of 'em," said Sinny. "She might shake beans in a tin pan, and ring your little bell."

"So I will," said Lizzie, delighted, and the four ran out to the wood-house, from whence there came by and by such a racket, that grandma said it was a wonder the whole town did n't come up to see what the matter was. After a while they formed a procession, and marched around the house, still playing, till the big people were almost distracted, and at last, down into the meadow, where little Joe Culligan joined them. The sun set too soon altogether, and bed-time never had seemed such a little while after supper. Mama left the doors open between the children's rooms, and they talked back and forth, till Nurse said the baby would wake right up, unless they kept stiller.

Very soon after this, sleep came, but left them long before the grown up people's eyes thought of opening. Ainslee heard Jack and Lizzie whispering for some time, and at last, not able to keep away one minute longer, ran in to them. The whispering grew louder, and there was a giggle now and then, and at last a squeal, and then a good many of them; and when mama, an hour later, looked in for a moment, to call Ainslee, she saw the sheets and quilts made into a tent, under which a whirlwind seemed to be going on.

"You are a noisy set," said she. "Do you

believe grandma will keep you here if you go on like this?"

"She can't hear us much, I guess," said Ainslee. "Baby makes more noise than any body."

"Baby!" said mama, in astonishment. "Is baby here? I thought Nurse had him."

"No," said Ainslee. "I sort of touched him when I was getting out o' bed, and he stood right up in his crib a-looking at me, an' you was sound asleep, so I just brought him here."

Mama looked under the sheet, and saw baby tumbling over all three of the children, and squealing with delight.

"Come, baby," she said; but baby did not want to leave the play, and Lizzie had to lift him off the bed, and run with him into mama's room.

"Lizzie and Jack can go to school with me, can't they?" asked Ainslee, after breakfast. "It's Wednesday now, and school's goin' to stop Friday, for ever so long. Three whole weeks."

"Yes," said Aunt Sue, after thinking a moment. "Perhaps that is the best thing to do with you, but you must promise not to whisper. Grandma says you may stay here as long as I can spare you; a whole week, perhaps. Shall you be good?"

"To be sure we shall," Jack answered. "Ain't we always good, mother?"

"Pretty good," said Aunt Sue. "I shall leave you in grandma's care, and you must mind all she says. We shall start for home before you get back from school, and next week Tuesday, if it is pleasant, we will come over for you."

Lizzie hugged her mother as if she were hardly willing to let her go, and even Jack seemed a little doubtful for a minute.

"Come," called Ainslee. "I've got my new cap on, and I'm all ready to start. O my! why here's my barrel right in the bottom of all the things."

"What?" said Lizzie, running up to the drawer where his things were kept. "Why, it's a real little barrel! It would hold a quart of water; where did it come from?"

"Mama gived it to me, and Uncle Ainslee gived it to her," said Ainslee. "It came from way off. I'm a great mind to take it to school. I don't believe Tommy or Amanda ever saw it."

"Who's Amanda?" asked Lizzie.

"Oh she's a little girl," Ainslee answered. "She's most smaller'n you, Lizzie, but she's real nice. Shall we take our dinners, mama?"

"Not to-day," said mama, "for I don't think Lizzie will care to stay longer than noon. You can play half an hour after school, if you like,

and Tommy and Amanda may come here to tea, if their mother is willing."

"O you lovely mama!" said Ainslee. "Won't we have a good time? Can I take my barrel to school?"

"I am afraid it will make you play," said mama, who was in a great hurry, and went away at once with Aunt Sue.

"She did n't say I must n't," said Ainslee. "I'll leave it in the entry till recess; it'll hold a lot of licorice water."

"Lot of *what*?" said Lizzie.

"Why, licorice water," said Ainslee. "Don't you know what that is? All the boys and girls that can, take bottles, and put licorice stick in the bottom, and fill 'em with water, an' then they make a hole in the cork an' suck 'em every chance they get."

"Tis n't good, is it?" said Lizzie.

"Not so very; only pretty good," said Ainslee.

"Don't let's make it at school," said Lizzie. "I've got four cunning little tumblers in the trunk, for my baby-house, and this afternoon we'll make a lot, and play it's soda-water, and sell it."

"Let's get a lot o' cookies and things from grandma, and keep a restaurant," said Jack.

"What's that?" said Ainslee.

"Why, it's a store where they sell dinners," said Jack. "Don't you remember? There's lots of 'em in New York."

"Well," Ainslee said, "let's hurry now, anyway; it's most school time," and the three started off.

Sinny stood by the gate, as they came to old Peter Smith's; I might better say danced at the gate, for he certainly was not standing still.

"Gran'ther would n't let me take it down this morning," said he, "but you come into the barn this minute. It's all hickory an' oak, gran'ther said, an' its iron-bound, an' all. I could n't break it if I was to try."

"Break what?" said Jack. "I do believe you're crazy, Sinny Smith. You go right in and ask your mother to put you to bed. Oh! ain't that a splendid wagon?" he added, as they went in at the barn door.

Sure enough, Sinny's wagon had come; oak and hickory, as he had said, the wheels tired like those of a big wagon, and the back made to let down.

"I can haul a bushel o' potatoes in that," said Sinny. "An' gran'ther's goin' to pay me for helping him in the Fall. I'm a-goin' to bring it down to your house this afternoon."

"Won't that be fun?" said Jack. "We're all goin' to play this afternoon, Sinny, and I know what we'll do."

"Oh, what?" said Ainslee. "My! there's the bell; we've got to run."

Off the four started, and got there just in time to take their places; Lizzie by Amanda, and Jack between Sampson and Ainslee.

"She's my cousin Lizzie," Ainslee had found time to whisper, as he passed Amanda, and Amanda, after a few minutes of looking steadily at her, decided she was quite nice enough to be Ainslee's cousin, and gave her hand a little squeeze. Lizzie had been holding her head down, just a little frightened, and half wishing she had stayed at home; but now, as she looked up and saw Amanda's bright eyes looking pleasantly at her, she returned the squeeze, and thought, after all, that she was glad she had come.

"Do you want to come to school, little girl?" said Miss Barrett, when she had finished calling the roll. "Because, if you do, you must wait till the first of June. There are only two more days before vacation."

"I know it, ma'am," said Lizzie. "I'm only company."

"Oh!" said Miss Barrett. "Well, you must n't play."

"Come and read with me," said Amanda, and Lizzie went into the class, and read and spelled, just as if she belonged there, while Jack did the same with the little boys. Recess came very soon, and they all went out together.

"Ain't Ainslee Barton proud?" said Sampson. "He's got that Johnny Walton along, an' he's so stuck up to think he's been to New York, he can't look at any body else."

"Mandy's the proudest," said little Sarah Jones. "You could n't touch her with a ten-foot pole."

To tell the truth, Amanda had given her skirts a little flirt as she walked out of the school-room with her arm around Lizzie's waist, and a good many of them, when she heard the invitation to take tea at Grandpa Walton's that afternoon.

"Put on your hat an' let's run down to the spring," she said. "Oh, what's that, rolled up in your sack?"

"Why, it's Ainslee's barrel," said Lizzie, and just then Ainslee walked out with Jack, several of the children following close behind.

"Oh, ain't that pretty?" said Tommy. "Will it hold any thing?"

"Good as can be," said Ainslee. "I'm going to fill it with water down to the spring, an' then

drink out of it. Come on; we'll all take turns."

"Ainslee's got a new cap," said Juliana Johnson, one of the 'big' girls, as the little ones called her, for she was almost thirteen. "He gets more stuck up every day, and so do Tommy and Mandy Martin. I'll do something to plague him now, you see if I don't."

"What'll you do?" said Charley Stearns, who stood near her.

"Never you mind," said Juliana. "I'll just get him good an' put out. I guess he ain't so much better 'n any body else. You see what I'll do now."

Juliana ran down to the spring, where half a dozen children had gathered about Ainslee, who, with his barrel full of water, stood there pouring from it to a small tin cup, which he passed to each one in turn.

"It tastes choky," said Lizzie. "Why, it's full o' dust, Ainslee! The barrel's all dirty inside, I do believe. Let me take it."

Lizzie took it, shook it hard, and then poured out the water, which came away quite filled with dust and lint.

"It's been in the blanket-closet ever so long," said Ainslee; "most ever since mama was a little girl."

"Then it ought to be dirty," said Lizzie. "I'll shake it again, and then it will be all clean. There now; you fill it from way down among the stones, 'cause I shall get my dress wet if I do."

Ainslee stooped down with his barrel, and Juliana, who had been standing there two or three minutes, made a dash at the Scotch cap, and then holding it in her hand, ran up the hill fast as she could go.

"What's that for?" said Ainslee, getting up. "What you doing, Lizzie? Why, it's that hateful Juliana Johnson! Give me my cap this minute."

"Get it when you can!" sung Juliana from the top of the hill, swinging it around by the ribbon at the back.

"You take the barrel, Jack," said Ainslee, "and I'll chase her. She'll spoil it."

Ainslee started on a run, but the school-bell rang before he got to the top of the hill. Juliana had taken her place at her desk, and held the cap so that he could just see it as he went in.

"I'd tell Miss Barrett," said Ainslee to himself, "only mama says never to tell tales. Maybe she'll give it back at noon," and he turned to his spelling lesson. Noon came very soon, and Ainslee, who had lost all desire to stay and play,

waited in the entry till Juliana came out for her dinner-pail.

"Now let me have my cap, 'cause I want to go home," he said.

"Oh, you do, do you?" said Juliana. "Well, you ain't goin' to get it just yet, that's all. I'm goin' to pay you up for makin' that face at me last week."

"You give it to me this minute," said Ainslee, growing very red. "Make her, Jack."

"I'll take more'n Jack to make me," said Juliana, sitting down by her desk, and opening her dinner-pail. "I'm goin' to eat my dinner. You can go home for once without a cap, I guess."

"Come out," said Tommy. "I'll tell you what to do. You take your barrel an' fill it full o' water, an' if she won't give your cap back, you just pour it all down her back."

"Well," said Ainslee, and he filled the barrel from the water-pail which stood in the entry. "Put it under your sack, Lizzie, so 't she won't see," he said, "and maybe she'll give it back without my having to empty any thing on her."

"I'd empt it, any way," said Sinny. "She's an awful ugly girl; she used to plague me."

Ainslee walked into the school-room again. "Now, Juliana Johnson," he said, "will you give me back my cap?"

"No I won't, so now," said Juliana, turning her back, and going on with her dinner.

"Then I'll pour my barrel o' water all down your back," shouted Ainslee, seizing the barrel from Lizzie, and before Juliana could turn, the water was streaming over her, and Ainslee had dashed into the entry for more. Juliana sat perfectly still a moment, too astonished to move, and then sprang toward the entry, furious with passion. Ainslee, almost as angry as she, was on the way back with another barrellful, and raised his hand to throw it as she came on.

"Oh, you'll throw another, will you?" said Juliana. "There now!" and before Ainslee thought what she meant to do, her sharp teeth had almost met in his hand.

Ainslee screamed, and held out the hand from which the blood streamed, and Miss Barrett, who had been sitting at her desk reading, and paying no attention to what was going on in the school-room, ran into the entry, alarmed by the screaming which Lizzie and Amanda kept up, while Juliana, frightened at what she had done, pulled her hood from the nail, and ran home fast as possible.

"Mercy on us!" said Miss Barrett, as she looked at Ainslee's hand. "Here; stick it right

into the water-pail; that'll make it stop bleeding. Now, one of you tell me right away how this happened."

"Juliana Johnson stole his cap at recess," said Tommy, after a minute's hesitation, "and she would n't let him have it this noon. He asked her ever so many times, an' she would n't, an' then I told him to pour a barrel o' water down her neck, an' he did, an' then she got mad an' bit him."

"A barrel of water?" said Miss Barrett. "I should think you were all crazy together."

"That barrel down there," said Tommy, pointing to the little barrel which lay on the floor.

"Don't you ever bring such a thing to school again," said Miss Barrett, jerking Ainslee's hand from the water, and wrapping his handkerchief tightly around it. "Now run home, fast as you can. You won't pour any more water down people's backs, I guess."

Tommy brought the cap from Juliana's desk, and a very solemn procession started from the school-house door, Lizzie holding Ainslee's well hand, while Amanda and she cried for sympathy. Sinny carried the barrel, and Jack, Ainslee's books.

"Merciful man!" said grandma, sitting at her bedroom window, as she saw Ainslee come crying into the backyard. "Look there, Clara!"

"What is the matter?" said mama, anxiously, meeting them at the door. "Are you hurt, Ainslee?"

"I'm bited 'most to death," said Ainslee, finding voice for the first time. "Juliana Johnson bited a hole in my hand."

"Come into grandma's room," said mama, "and you can tell me about it while I bind it up."

The bite was really a very bad one; the handkerchief had stuck to it, and Ainslee cried again, while mama washed the blood off, and then put some little strips of sticking-plaster over it, to keep the air out.

"You must have it in a sling to-day," she said, "else you may use it more than you should, and make it very sore. Now tell me how it happened; you first, Jack, and then Ainslee."

"Juliana was very naughty," said mama, when both stories ended, — "very naughty indeed; but was nobody else naughty, too?"

"I was, some," said Ainslee. "But she had n't any business to bite me."

"Perhaps she is sorry by this time," said mama.

"At any rate, the bite may make you remember that some trouble always comes from getting into

a passion. You were right and Juliana wrong, till you threw the water on her, but by doing that, you became naughty too. You should have told Miss Barrett, when you found Juliana would not give the cap back."

"But I thought you said I must n't ever tell tales," said Ainslee.

"If Juliana had taken the cap in fun, and meant to give it right back, it would have been telling tales, if you had spoken to Miss Barrett," said mama. "But from both your story and Jack's, I think she did not mean to, and so it would have been only just that Miss Barrett should be asked to make her do right. Your best rule is, never to tell of any mere mischief which does you no harm, and only requires a little patience to bear. If it turns from mischief into spitefulness, though, and you find that neither fun nor gentleness can do any thing for you, you are right in going to some higher power, though it is seldom necessary. You see, carrying the barrel to school was a bad thing to do, for if it had been left at home, very likely Tommy would never have thought of pouring water over Juliana. The pain you feel now is a hard punishment for any mischief you have done with it, so this time I shall not take it away, but you must never carry it to school again."

"No I won't," said Ainslee. "I want to lie down, mama; my head aches."

All that afternoon Ainslee felt very forlorn. Before night his hand had swollen so much, that mama took off some of the sticking-plaster, and kept it wrapped in cold water, but the next morning it felt very comfortable, and by afternoon he was quite well enough to play for an hour or two out-doors. The tea-party was put off, and Tommy and Amanda did not come down until Saturday afternoon, when the hand, though still tied up, felt almost well. Sinny appeared with his wagon, which he had not been allowed to bring down before, and the party settled themselves in the wood-house for a long play, provided with apples and doughnuts, a plate of cookies, and the two dozen tin hearts and rounds, which Ann had been coaxed into lending them.

"Now, I'll tell you," said Jack. "Let's play this is a dépôt, you know, an' Sinny's wagon the cars. Sinny and Tommy can take turns being locomotives, and all the rest can be passengers, and stop here for dinner. There's Charley Stearns out there. Hallo, Charley! you come and play too."

"Ma said I might stay if you wanted me to," said Charley, coming in. "I heard what you

said. You have to pay at a dépôt. You have n't got any money, have you?"

"Don't want money," said Jack. "There's speckled beans over there. Pay in beans."

So, while Ainslee and Amanda shelled some beans, and picked up the loose ones from the bottom of the box, Jack and Lizzie set a fine table on the bench, which had been dragged from the tool-house for that purpose. There was a birch-bark pan filled with cracked butternuts, and two pieces of birch bark for plates, with apples on them. Every heart and round had a cookie or doughnut in it, and in the very middle was the barrel, full of licorice water, with the four little tumblers in front of it. Then the passengers filled their pockets with beans, and the trains began to run. Sinny started from the big butternut-tree by the gate, and came tooting into the wood-house with Lizzie as his first passenger, and then back again for Amanda.

"Three minutes for dinner!" shouted Jack. "Hurry up, ma'am. What'll you take?"

"I'll take two beans' worth o' cooky, an' four beans' worth o' licorice water, an' twenty beans' worth o' butternuts," said Amanda.

"You must n't say *beans*; you must say *shillings*," said Jack. "Here come more passengers. How are you, Mr. Stearns? Glad to see you this way, sir. What will you have? Three minutes for dinner, sir."

"Apple," said Charley. "Look a here, though; they don't keep eatin' down at the dépôt all the time the passengers do. You're eatin' every minute."

"Well, I'm hungry," said Jack. "I'm going to stop pretty soon, and let Ainslee keep the table while I play passenger."

Ainslee took his place presently, and very soon all were in the wood-house but Sinny, who stood looking in.

"The injine wants somethin' to eat," he said. "I think somebody might drag me in."

"Well, I will," said Tommy. "Here goes. Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings!" and Sinny who had run back to the tree, and seated himself in his wagon, found himself suddenly on a pile of sawdust in the wood-house. The cookies were going too fast, to leave any time for talking about the matter, and no more trains were run, till the table was thoroughly cleared.

"I wish we had n't been hungry," said Ainslee, "and then we might have played so a good while. We ought to have some more things to keep a table."

"No, we've played that enough, I guess," said Jack. "I tell you what we'll do. Let's go down into the meadow where Culligan is, and we'll get him to let us plant the beans the passengers paid. There's grandpa now. Let's ask him."

"There are too many to plant them all," said grandpa, "but you can each plant five. The place where Ainslee had his garden last year, I had spaded up yesterday, and you can stick them in there."

The seven children flocked into the garden, and grandpa, after watching them a few minutes, went on down to the meadow.

"What will we do when they've grown up to be big bean-vines?" said Amanda. "There'll be lots o' beans on 'em."

"I don't know," said Ainslee. "Divide 'em, maybe."

"That would n't be any fun," said Jack. "I tell you: plant some corn too, and when they're both ripe enough, cook 'em somehow, and we'll all eat 'em up."

"I'll see what mama says," said Ainslee. "Let's go and look at the pigeons now."

When the afternoon ended, and the children went into tea, hungry as if there had been no dinner in the dépôt, Ainslee told his mother about the beans.

"Jack's idea is a good one," said mama. "I planted some corn and beans once when I was a little girl, and had a succotash party in the summer-house when they ripened. Dolly cooked it for me, and I made some biscuit myself to eat with it."

"I wish ours was going to be ripe right away," said Ainslee. "You have to wait such a while for every thing."

"Perhaps Lizzie will learn how to make biscuit by that time," said mama, "and if she comes over then, you can have a party where every thing for it has been prepared by yourselves."

Whether the corn and beans grew, and the biscuit were made, and the party came off or not, you must, to find out, do as Ainslee did, — wait awhile.

THE TRUE STORY OF EUSTACE DE ST. PIERRE OF CALAIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS."

It was in the year 1347 when Calais was besieged by Edward III. of England. His immense army lay without the walls for eleven long months, watching day and night lest succor should be brought to the French; while the brave John de Vienne, with cheerful courage, sustained the spirits of his garrison through all the horrors of famine and death. Through the days of September and October they hardly became aware of the suffering that attends a state of siege; for the castle and forts, well-stored with provisions, supplied the whole town. But a day came when the Governor called upon the old men, the women, and children, to go out of the city, that the provisions which still remained might the longer support its defenders.

It was a slow, sad, and unwilling procession of 1700 persons that passed on that October morning through the city gates, and approached the enemies' camp; fearing lest the English King should drive them back, and so cause more suffering to the friends they had left behind, and yet half hoping that so they might be justified in returning. Those who remained in the city

watched from its towers the procession as it neared the English lines. It was not until long afterward that they learned how King Edward had received them kindly, fed them, and even given presents to the old and feeble.

Two months more and Christmas time came to this forlorn city. Already each family had its small daily allowance of provisions dealt out by strict authorities. The children ran barefooted in the streets, and few had garments sufficient to protect them from the chilling winds that swept in from the sea, and the snows that had already begun to fall. Again came an order for the few remaining "useless mouths" to leave, and, on this cheerless Christmas day, five hundred, chiefly women and young children, weeping, took leave of husbands and fathers and went mournfully out at the gates. But the rude English soldiers, angered by the prolonged resistance of the city, and wearied by the monotonous life in barracks, amused themselves by driving hither and thither the poor fugitives, opening the lines at one moment for their passage, and then suddenly shutting them off, thus dividing the few who had

passed on from the many who remained, separating mothers and children, aged grandparents and defenseless maidens. In this great distress some few crept back to the city gates, and among them Marie St. Pierre with her two children. The sentinels could not refuse them admittance, and once more their lot was cast with that of their husband and father.

As the spring time approached a rumor reached the city that King Philip had advanced to the rescue of the besieged; but whatever his movements may have been, they were of no avail, and the momentary joy was soon forgotten beneath the settled gloom of ten weary months of siege.

It was July — was the burning heat harder to bear than the cold of winter? Perhaps, in their weakened condition, with scarcely a morsel of food from day to day, the wretched inhabitants of Calais found it so; for even dogs and cats, rats and mice, were long since all devoured.

It was the last Sunday in July — a heavy, sultry day. The good old priest, Father Surene, although feeble and wasted by hardship and famine, said mass in the cathedral, and then, with his trembling voice calmed and strengthened by the greatness of his subject, preached from the text, "For the Son of man came to give his life a ransom for many." How long and how well the towns-people remembered this, the last sermon they ever heard in their beloved city.

Two days after, the Governor, deciding that resistance had become hopeless, appeared on the city walls and asked for a parley. Sir Walter Manny came from the English side, and the talk was long and earnest. Then the Governor came back to the waiting people in the market-place, and, with a faltering voice, told them the disgraceful conditions on which alone the English King would receive the city. Six of the most prominent citizens, — barefooted, bareheaded, and with ropes about their necks, ready for execution, must come out to him bearing the keys of the castle.

At first a great silence fell upon the people, then weeping and lamentations arose.

Standing beside his wife, among the crowd, was Eustace de St. Pierre. He cast a look full of compassion upon the wailing multitude, then bowed his head and said softly to himself, "He gave his life a ransom for many." In another moment a clear voice rose above the sound of weeping. It said, "If the six men are not sacrificed, the whole population will be. I offer myself as the first." Then all eyes were turned upon the speaker, Eustace de St. Pierre, who

had quietly taken his stand before the Governor's seat. While men looked at one another, stirred to a like heroism, yet hardly strong enough to commit themselves to its guidance, Victor de St. Pierre, without hesitation, had placed himself beside his brother. Next came the cousins St. Jean, Alphonse and Jaques, companions from boyhood, almost more than brothers, cousins too of the St. Pierres; for it was a noble family, and in it the spirit of self-devotion was broad and deep enough to find more than one channel.

A long pause followed while men reasoned with themselves; so many arguments in the forms of wives and children, and life was dear even under all the trials which had been and were still to be. It was not enlisting for battle; it was volunteering for execution. But presently old Guilbert la Motte, a man with silvery hair and beard, said, "I have certainly but few years more on earth. If I can spend them in so good a service, it is well. I count myself the fifth."

Now one man more stepped from the crowd; he was a soldier, scarred and bronzed with exposure. "I am not," said he, "a prominent citizen. I am of humble birth, but if my life will serve my country, I offer it freely." Then the Governor answered, "By this act, if by no other, have you declared yourself noble and worthy of a place beside the most honorable." And he was counted the sixth. And now the six martyrs made ready, and the mourning population followed them to the city gate. Marie St. Pierre walked beside her husband, but she was not weeping; tears could not express the new and reverent emotion that sanctified her grief.

Arrived at the English camp, they were received by the wrathful King, who ordered that they should all be instantly hung. Then Sir Walter Manny came forward and courageously spoke in their behalf. "Sire," he said, "these men have but done their duty. Are you not punishing them for the very acts you would applaud in your own soldiers?" But the King would not listen, he was angered by the long siege; he must pay himself in vengeance for the year he had spent before Calais, and the six citizens saw no look of mercy for them in his stern face.

At this moment a fair and gentle woman entered the tent and threw herself at the King's feet. It was Philippa, his good Queen, herself of French birth. "Give them to me, dear King," she pleaded; "they are my countrymen. Grant me this one favor. Bestow upon me this one gift."

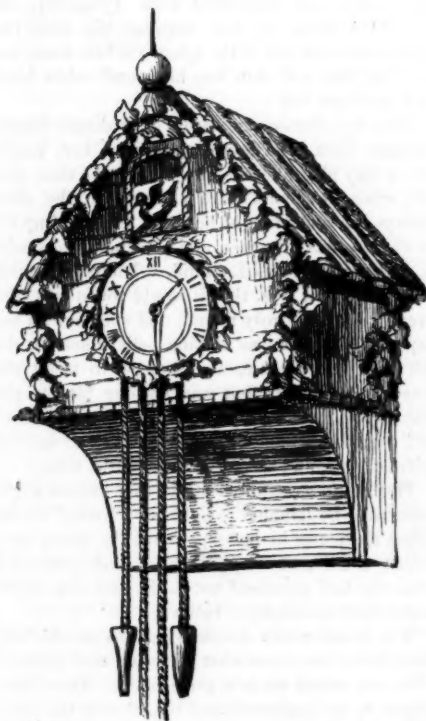
King Edward loved his beautiful wife; he could not refuse her. It is true he said, "I wish you had been anywhere but here; yet, since you ask this favor, I must grant it."

Then she looked at the brave men, and tears filled her eyes as she saw their bare feet, and tattered clothes, and their thin, wasted faces; so she called an English knight and bade him lead them to the banqueting hall that had been built by the King for his nobles to carouse in during the tiresome days of the siege. In the anteroom they found provided for them rich dresses

befitting knights, and having clothed themselves, they sat down to the most sumptuous feast they had seen for many a month. Then Eustace de St. Pierre, in the name of the whole, gave thanks, first to their God who had brought them safely through so perilous a time; and next to the beautiful Queen into whose heart God had put such gentle pity.

Can you imagine the joy of their friends, when dressed in their goodly garments, and singing hymns of praise, the six liberated men went back at evening to Calais?

THE CUCKOO CLOCK.



A Cuckoo lives in my pretty carved clock,
Who so merry as he?

He watches the time, and flies to the door,
And calls the hour with glee.

At one, he thinks of his own little nest,
Left so long ago;

At two, he claps his tiny brown wings,
And looks at the weights below.

When the hour is three, he thinks of the eggs, —
Three eggs in his nest on the tree;
At four, he remembers the seasons past,
In the year when he was free.

Five pretty leaves on the eglantine,
He remembers when he flies out;
And he thinks, as his head peeps forth at six,
What are the kittens about?

When seven strikes, he thinks of the hen,
With her brood of chickens small;
At eight, he recalls the drove of cows
That come when the milk-maids call.

Nine fat little pigs in the farmer's yard,
Ten mice in the miller's flour,
Eleven white lambs in a pretty green field,
He knows when he calls the hour.

When noontide comes, he raises his head,
Sees twelve flying swallows above;
And he calls aloud the flight of time,
And longs for his cuckoo love.

JENNIE ROCHESTER.

BY SUSAN NICHOLS CARTER

WHEN I first knew Jennie Rochester, she was a funny little child about three years old, with great soft brown eyes, that looked as if the young soul behind them were thinking and wondering a great deal. She had tiny hands and feet, and was altogether one of the smallest girls of her age that I ever saw. Her brown hair was usually put up in curl-papers in front, and hung in two little braids—*tails* she called them—down her back, except when she was dressed in the afternoon, with her locks unbraided into a soft fleece over her shoulders. She wore about the yard, where she spent much of her time, a little yellow sun-bonnet, and a long-sleeved tire, reaching nearly to her feet.



When I first saw her much, it was in the spring of the year, and she had a black kitten, which she carried about, swung over her arm, nearly all day, while she hunted for dandelions, and, after the flowers were gone, for the seed puffs that follow them. She used to be very fond of playing with a little boy named Harry, and the two children chased butterflies together; but when one flew towards Jennie, she was frightened, and screamed out, and thought it was going to hurt her; and later in the season, in the nights when the mosquitoes were about, and bit her in her sleep, she would cry out, "The butterflies are biting me."

Jennie had an old black nurse, named Liza, who often set her up in the middle of the great white kitchen table, by the window, and told her stories about robins and their wives, and how they built their houses, and about God and the angels. Liza, like many old black women, had had, and still continued to have, a great many trou-

bles about her children who had got lost from her, and she grieved a good deal for her son William who was dead. So when she felt lonely and sad, she went out into an old open shed and sat down in a dim corner, on an old beam, in a partition made by a couple of the joists, and took out her stump of a clay pipe and smoked it, while she rested her elbow on her knee and her chin in her hand, looking very dusky and forlorn.

Jennie, who was seldom long away from her, would call, "Liza! Liza!" and come running to bring her some little flowers. But when she found Liza sitting so still, she seemed overcome with awe and impressed with sympathy, and would sit down by her, between the next two joists, and rest her little elbow on her knee, and put her little soft chin into her small white hand, and meditate too.

One day Jennie was made exceedingly happy, because Liza, who was very fond of her, bought her a clay pipe like her own; and after that, Jennie, when she found Liza smoking in the shed, always ran and brought her pipe and filled up the bowl with bits of paper, and pretended to smoke it, and muse just as Liza did. The only trouble she had with it was, that it would sometimes turn over in her little rosy mouth, and spill out all her paper. While she was making believe smoke, she felt very comfortable, and seemed to think she was just like Liza, but was not one bit, for she was as soft and fair and white, as Liza was black and wrinkled; and Liza looked like an old gnarled tree, and Jennie like a little rose.

Her mother was often afraid that Jennie might some time be tempted to light her "bacco," as she called the paper in her pipe; but she was a very honest child, and very obedient, and never did what she had promised not to do, and she never really tried to smoke, I believe.

The house where Jennie lived was an old-fashioned brick one, somewhat in decay, and infested with rats, which made a great noise. They rummaged in the cupboards and tipped over the pans, and pushed potatoes, and even squashes, down from the shelves of the closets on to the floor. They troubled Jennie's mother very much, and almost every day she had something to say about the rats. She used to fret and scold about them, and declare how she hated them, always speaking of them as if they were something very fearful

and disagreeable, but Jennie never saw them, because she was always in bed and asleep herself, before they began their revels. But she knew they were very bad, naughty creatures, and I suppose she thought they were big and ugly. Well, one day Jennie's mother wanted to go to the cellar to look at her preserves, and as Jennie was in



the room, she wanted to go too. Her mother took a lighted candle with her, for the cellar was dark, and went down-stairs, Jennie following closely behind. She set the lamp on the floor, and began examining the covers of her cans, to see that they were all tight.

Jennie, who stood by her, suddenly grasped her dress, as if alarmed

at something. This attracted her mother's attention, who, looking down, saw the little girl staring with her great brown eyes, and her whole face full of terror, at her own black shadow on the wall, which was moving grotesquely with her motions. Her mother was so amused to think she did not know what it was, that she began to laugh. Jennie felt somewhat relieved when she heard her laugh, and laughed too. "What did you think it was?" asked her mother.

"I thought it *might* be a rat," said Jennie, speaking low and shyly, as if afraid that the awful creature might hear her.

Jennie was a dutiful little girl, and loved her father and mother very dearly; but her father had to be away from home a great deal, and while he was gone, she often got her mother to tell her stories about little girls whose fathers went away, and she got so excited over their being lonely for them, that great tears would roll out of her eyes in sympathy.

Once she and her father and mother were making a good way from home, and while they were gone, her father was one day quite sick with a bad headache or toothache, and stayed in bed in the afternoon, while the family were having a tea-party down-stairs. A number of the ladies brought their children, and Jennie was having a fine time playing with them; but every little

while she would steal away from them, and creep up-stairs to her father's bedside, her care and love for him interrupting her thoughts of play, and reaching up to the bed on her little toes, she inquired anxiously how he felt. At length, after tea, her mother found her mounted on a chair by the tea-table, bustling about among the cups and saucers, and asked her what she wanted.

"To carry papa his supper," was her answer; and she went on putting the sugar and cream into a cup, and trying to pour out some tea with her little fat hands, until her mother relieved her of her cares, and then let her take papa's supper to him herself.

Jennie was usually very careful not to go out of the gate, for fear of being lost, but she often stood peeping through the slats; and one day, after having seen the milk-man a good many times, going down an alley near by, with the pail to milk his cows, she was found with her little tin pail, trudging in the same direction.

"What are you going to do?" asked Liza, who had missed her from the yard, and gone to find her.

"Going to milk Mr. M ——'s cows."

She did not fret nor worry though she was alone so much, without any other child to play with, but was always contented, trotting about plucking flowers, and day after day she sat in the middle of a great bed of periwinkle under my window, picking the blue flowers, and arranging them to her fancy on her little companion, the kitten, or putting them up into baby bouquets, for her mother, or Liza, or me.



After the summer was half gone, she and I went away to different places, and I don't have any funny little girl now to call potatoes, "pintapoes," or to pick flowers for me, or to get frightened at her shadow on the wall. But I shall always remember with pleasure my acquaintance, short as it was, with little Jennie Rochester, and shall always keep fresh in my memory her large brown eyes and soft curling hair.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

SELECTIONS OF POETRY.

ROBERT BROWNING, in one of his poems forecasting old age, fancies, —

"I shall be found by the fire, suppose,
O'er a great wise book, as besemeth age;
While the shutters flap as the cross wind blows,
And I turn the page, and I turn the page,
Not verse now, only prose!"

Whatever truth may be contained in the last line, the converse certainly is true, that poetry and youth have an intimate spiritual connection, and that the child is sincerely to be pitied that has grown up with no knowledge of poetry, or with such a knowledge as makes him indifferent to poetic art. For this indifference in grown persons is quite as frequently the result of an injudicious introduction to poetry as of no introduction at all. The term poetry is of wide significance, yet we get into the habit of regarding it as exceedingly contracted, and subject only to the simple law of construction which makes the lines begin with capitals and end with rhymes; or, in the case of certain forms which lie under a slight suspicion of prosaic connection, to end as they please, and even by favor to turn round the corner and be tucked out of reach of other lines by a little bracket, the main care being that the lines shall be kept religiously apart. We regard poetry so much as the negative of prose that we overlook, in our common way of speaking of it, those special attributes which call for discrimination of language. Let us agree to answer, when we are asked if we like poetry, by the return question, — Do you like prose?

If one ever has that within him which responds to the voice of poetic art, it is in youth, and yet the ear which will hear one divine singer may fail to catch the notes of another; and if all but the one he is listening to sing their loudest, it may be so much worse than in vain that his ear will become deaf to the one singer he might have heard; so, too, it is rare that one who hears a single voice is not led enchanted on by the more distant tones of another, until not single voices only but a heavenly choir fill the soul. What poetry shall be put in the way of the young, is almost as broad and as difficult a question to answer as what books shall be given them. Classify minds as we will, individuals are always leaping out of place just when we think our method is perfect, and insisting that they don't belong there, or at any rate, don't want this thing or that which seemed to us so excellently adapted to the class in which we had placed them. No arbitrary method can supplant the special nurture of individual characters, but certain general suggestions may have some value.

For one thing good rhymes are almost indispensable. Who has not heard children improvising rhymes,

making couplets that have rhyme without any other reason, calling nicknames which depend for their goading properties upon the fatal repetition of sound? We remember in our boyhood the wrath produced by the jingle; —

"Durkins, Durkins,
Butter-firkins;"

and the perpetual chase, made by one Sam, after the boys who called out, —

"Sam, Sam, the one-eyed man,
Lost his eye in a caravan."

He had two eyes; he never was in a caravan; the sting was in the rhyme of the invention. In our conviction at that time, the Romans made sorry work of poetry which could only be scanned, and coming across the "Dies Iræ," we thought we had stumbled upon true poetry in Latin at last. Those who have noticed children committing poetry to memory are aware of the important part which rhymes play.

But along with rhymes, let us insist upon good measure, — not the kind that runs over. The ear which catches likeness in sound may be trained with little difficulty to correctness in rhythm, by studiously keeping it from defective verse. To make the young know the difference between good and bad poetic construction, is not gained by giving them both and bidding them notice the distinction; they will not see the difference until they have the fixed metronome in their ear by which to measure all movements, and they will have that only as they are familiarized with the purest models. A distaste for poor poetry grows from a positive knowledge of good.

When we come to the matter of subjects of poetry, it is plain that we must lay aside all preconceived notions of what children should be made to like, and give them what interests them. It may be said broadly that there are few who will not prefer narrative poetry at the outset. Something moving, — that is the main thing: all the poetry of pageant and action, all the dash of battle, and that romance which is colored highly with the outward gleam of sunshine and darkened by the outward cloud. Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion," Macaulay's "Lays," Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," will be read with avidity by the young, who may grow up to care little for these poems, but who will then be reading Browning it may be, and perhaps would have been reading nothing if they had been starved on Young's "Night Thoughts." Pope's "Homer" is capital for the young. It will not give them a distaste for the genuine poet, if they are ever so fortunate as to get a good introduction. The old ballads, which seem so abrupt and archaic to many excellent parents, ought to be given

freely to their children. There is no surer foundation for true love of poetry. The child that learns the ballads and loves them is as sure to enjoy fine art in age, as the boy that gathers wild flowers is to care for mountains when he is a man. A handy col-

lection is that published by Sever & Francis, Cambridge. ["The Ballad Book." Edited by William Allingham. \$1.75.]

We set out to treat of the various anthologies most common, but must leave them until another occasion.

PATCHWORK.

BY THE EDITOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

THIS number of our magazine looks out-of-doors. Spring has fairly come, and even our readers in northern New Hampshire will see the first steps of summer before the June "Riverside" greets them. So you will find that almost every thing in the number reminds us of what the winter could not show, — children feeding the Booby-calf, Columbine, the May-flower, Wood-gardens, Rattlesnakes, and Bees. We rather think that there are other things besides bees which need a second Huber.



By the way, did you ever notice how people who have lost some member of the body, are perpetually trying to do things which it seems impossible should be done without the lost member? There was Huber, who took to seeing a minute creature, when he lost his eyes. If a man loses his right arm, he immediately has an intense desire to write, and makes his left arm answer excellently; and if he has lost both arms, then he wants to paint. When the Editor was in Antwerp, in Belgium, he saw an artist who had no arms, and yet was painting, — painting in very comfortable fashion, with his toes. Here

is a picture of him at work, which Mr. Darley has drawn. There has just died in England, a man who could not move a single part of his body below his neck, and who drew and painted, holding a brush between his teeth. There is a photograph to be seen in the shops, from a picture of his, "The Rat-catcher and his Dogs," and a very delicately drawn picture, too. No doubt many of you know of instances like these. What does it mean? for one thing, it shows how much of an *I* will there is in some men, which makes them triumph over difficulties. For another, perhaps, it means that there is a soul in us which is only staying for a time in a body which suffers accidents, but will some day do with a new body far more perfect things than the best of our human hands can work at the bidding of the soul.

We have had various kinds of riddles, but have neglected to do much in anagrams; so, here comes a correspondent who makes some good suggestions, which he heads, —

AMONG THE WORDS.

MY young readers have been wont to rack their brains, and while away the long winter evenings, with puzzles, and charades, and conundrums, and such like literary amusements. The pages of the "Riverside" have given them abundance of this exercise and pleasure; but did any of them ever hear of ANAGRAMS? If not, then here is another pretty pastime open to them; for any one can make an anagram, although good ones, like good riddles, are rare.

Take your little brother's or sister's block-letter alphabet, or your game of letters, and spell out upon the table some word that you have selected. Now disarrange the letters, and then re-arrange them, if you can, into some new word or sentence, making use of all the letters, and not borrowing any more. If your attempt is successful, you have an anagram. Of course you cannot thus treat every word, and you will find that a good deal of ingenuity is required in getting hold of the right sort of words to begin with, and then hitting upon the right arrangement of the letters. But if you try it a little while, you will probably bring to light some curious twists of language, that will afford you no little amusement.

Years ago, anagrams were quite the rage. The man of fashion had them at his fingers' ends, and wo to the unhappy lover who failed to torture his mistress's name into some pretty conceit or compliment. Perhaps the results achieved did not always repay the waste of patience and midnight oil; but among a great deal of literary rubbish which has been thus accumulated, some curiosities are found, well worth preserving.

I select a few specimens which contain a peculiarity not necessary to a perfect anagram, but which greatly enhances its value; and think that you will agree with me in admiring the delicate ingenuity which has been employed upon them. The peculiarity is, that the transformed word or phrase bears an unexpected and singular relation to the original word. Thus: —

Astronomers

Moon starers.

By trying the experiment with your block-letters, you will see that moon-starers are true astronomers, inasmuch as every letter composing the one, no more, no less, is taken out from the other. This anagram is also a double one, for you can change it again, and make *No more stars*.

Parishioners	<i>I hire parsons.</i>
Surgeon	<i>Go nurse.</i>
Lawyers	<i>Sly wares.</i>
Miniature	<i>True, I am in.</i>
Sweet-heart	<i>There we sat.</i>
Plentiful	<i>Fill up net.</i>
Merchandise	<i>Nice red hams.</i>
Negotiations	<i>O, I sign at once.</i>
Funeral	<i>Real fun.</i>
Felicity	<i>City life.</i>

In this juggling with the letters of the alphabet, sometimes a sober truth turns up unlooked for, when we are anticipating only a witticism. Who in these days will not subscribe to a sentiment like this:—

Telegraphs *Great helps;*
or will fail to acknowledge this fact, were he ten times a native American:—
Golden land *Old England.*

There is a sad moral in this one, which history has too often proved:—

Reformations *To sin far more;*
but a sounder and more cheerful in the next:—
Christianity *It's in charity.*

A long catalogue might be given of the literary oddities, sober and whimsical, to be found among the Anagrams; but with a few more I close my list, leaving you to extend it, as you find time and skill for the exercise:—

Editorial	<i>Lo, I read it.</i>
Argument	<i>Turn game.</i>
Immediate	<i>I made time.</i>
Transmission	<i>Miss no trains.</i>
Disclosure	<i>Clouds rise.</i>
Infidels	<i>Find lies.</i>

This last is highly suggestive, and would make an excellent text for a preacher. *Sermo*, a sermon, is the Latin for a word. Our brief catalogue has shown us how often indeed a single word may be found to contain an entire sermon. Here is one more, with which, as a sequel to the preceding, we conclude:—

Religion *LO, I REIGN.* * H. *

There is a deal of fun, when one is making charades and double acrostics, in aiming them straight at some friend, and perhaps bringing on one's self a very large tit for a very small tat. It happens that two readers of the "Riverside" had this little duel with double acrostics, and here is shot number one:—

My first's an old, old city,
That celebrated makes
The second of my ditty,
When certain forms it takes.

1. Hunted, I rush through moor and glen,
Pursued by horses, dogs, and men:
And often I'm in the parlor seen,
As most young ladies can say, I ween.

2. On tables seen,
Tender and green,
Juicy and springy,
And good if not stringy.

3. It's an open conveyance
When rain's in abeyance.
And it's very convenient; for, as I am told,
The top is put on, and instead of a cold,
Wet carriage, spoiled dresses,
And wringing wet tresses,
The window is closed, and we're looking out
From a nice close carriage, — perfectly tight all about.

4. A little grain,
Good for horses and man;
Guess me if you can.

5. The missing link between beasts and man!
The pet of professors! who have a grand plan,
To prove me of men the cousin-german.

6. Not the biggest of my kind,
Eyesight poor, — yet not blind.
Have but few letters in your mind,
And then perhaps my name you'll find.

7. Consumed by wholesale!
I'll rhyme with retail.

G. G.

But when G. G. sent this to T. G., just see what a shot was fired back:—

My all is made like a tripod old,
Of mystic three ere my tale is told.
Had Gorgon turned my each to stone,
And in the scales the letters thrown,
My third would bravely hold its own,
If 'gainst the two it swung alone.

1. Though oft my voice salutes the stars,
No tranquil note sounds through my bars;
Dare you call me what I am,
Ten times more so I become.

2. Oh, bright laughing Hebe, pray give me this food,
That the joy of Olympus may run in my blood;
Surely Absalom fed on it, son of the king,
That the maids of Judea his praises should sing.

3. Blush not, pretty maiden, the secret to tell,
Who was it that left you just here by the well?
Who was it that pressed the pure rose of your lips,
Far sweeter than honey the humming-bird sips.

4. Great kings have uttered my command,
Without me no great deeds are planned.
Columbus, ere he saw the land;
The Pilgrims, ere they left the strand;
The Cable, ere it sank in sand,
Obeyed, ere wind their sails had fanned.

5. Spanish climes — dark innendoes;
Blackest nights — beneath the windows;
Rapier's glance and women faint, —
Yield no more to lovers' plaint.

6. The ocean wide I love to roam,
The billow's crest I call my home,
I grow in southern breezes;
The blackest smoke I can evoke,
Or cure the cow of wheezes.

As when some artist takes his pencil deft,
And traces features from your sight bereft,
So has this portraiture in rhyme been lined,
And needs no name below to tell its kind.
But if you want a gentle hint or two,
I'll say in secret it was meant for you,
Who make your puzzles clear as noonday sun,
For when they're once read through, the work is done.

T. G.

ANAGRAMMATIC ENIGMA.

I am a word of seven letters: My 3, 5, and 7, is used by fishermen. My 4, 5, and 3, is a number. My 4, 2, 6, is a weight. My 1, 2, 4, 7, 2, 6, is a product of the Southern States; and we all ought to be my whole.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

Double Acrostics. — 1. Foundation words: Eve-ate. Cross-words: era, visit, eve. 2. Foundation words: dove-wren. Cross-words: dew, oar, vie, e'en. 3. Foundation words: soul-dove. Cross-words: stud, olio, Urvarov, lone. *Charade.* — Woman.

1970



THE
SOW
CAME
IN
WITH
THE
SADDLE,
THE
LITTLE
PIG
ROCKED
THE
CRADLE,
THE
DISH
JUMPED
ON
THE
TABLE,
TO
SEE
THE
POT
SWALLOW
THE
LADLE,
THE
SPIT
THAT
STOOD
BEHIND
THE
DOOR
THREW
THE
PUDDING-STICK
ON
THE
FLOOR.
"ODSPLUT!"
SAID
THE
GRIDIRON,
"CAN'T
YOU
AGREE?
I'M
THE
HEAD
CONSTABLE,
BRING
THEM
TO
ME."

The Sow came in with the saddle,
The Little Pig rocked the cradle,
The Dish jumped on the table
To see the Pot swallow the ladle.
The Spit that stood behind the door
Threw the pudding-stick on the floor.
"Odsplut!" said the Gridiron,
"Can't you agree?
I'm the head constable,
Bring them to me."